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Sunday, Dec. 3, 1933

CITY SHADOWS — by Percy Crosby

The Distinguished Creator of "Skippy"

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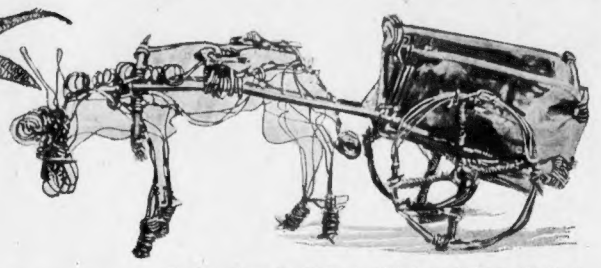
You know I can take it, God, but it's the family I'm prayin' for.

Amusing "Sculptures in Wire" by a Blind Artist

A Fisherman and His Net, a Grotesque but Convincing Creation by Berthold Ordner, a Blind War Veteran of Vienna.

"Camel Driver" Is the Title of the "Sculpture" Below. The Beast and Its Master Seem to Have Arrived at an Oasis, and to Have Found Shelter Beneath a Stately Palm, Made, Like the Camel and the Arab, From Old Wire.



The Vienna Museum Thought Enough of This Characterization of a Dilapidated Rig to Buy It and Give It a Place of Honor.

VIENNA.

OUT of the tragedy of blindness and the urge to forget this depressing misfortune by keeping his brain and his hands occupied, Berthold Ordner, a veteran of the World War and for twenty years a Viennese bank executive, has developed an artistic technique that is making him famous all over the world.

Mr. Ordner does not paint with the brush, nor mold with clay—he works with ordinary wire and, after years of patient practice, he has learned how to create what some of the most eminent artists and sculptors in Europe respectfully call "sculptures in wire."

Three of the blind artist's recent and best studies are shown on this page. One of them is a figure of a fisherman with a net that is humorously much too large for him to handle. Another of the clever pieces of work shows a desert Bedouin with his camel standing beneath a palm tree. The other picture is a tragi-comic "sculpture" of an old and worn-out horse hitched to the shafts of a two-wheeled cart. The directors of the Vienna Museum, when they saw this, were so impressed with it as a work of art in an unusual medium that they bought it and gave it a prominent place in one of the institution's many galleries.

When Austria became involved in the World War, Berthold Ordner was one of the first to enlist. He gave up his responsible and well-paying job in one of the city's largest banks and, after a short course of training, was sent to the front where he soon rose to the rank of first lieutenant. He was in active service for two long and nerve-wrecking years and when he was given his honorable discharge he found that he was suffering from a nervous disorder that made it impossible for him to resume his position in the world of finance.

As time went on his illness grew worse and affected his vision. Doctors could do nothing and, finally, Ordner went totally blind. To help him get his mind off the tragedy that had befallen him, the ex-army officer got some wire and began to repair an old suit of armor that had been in his family since medieval times. At first the work was difficult but by the time the job was finished he had the "feel" of the pliable metal strands and could handle them almost as well as a man with perfect eyesight.

This quickly developed ability to do something constructive, even though he was doomed to spend the rest of his days in darkness, gave Ordner an inspiration and he began to experiment with the wire left over from the armor repairing job. He found that he could twist the wire into simple figures of men, animals and objects and that his friends not only recognized the creations but found them both artistic and amusing.

When the Vienna Museum acquired the "sculpture" of the horse and cart, art critics and artists began to take notice of the onetime bank executive and to make inquiries about him. His figures, they said, are much more than the clever efforts of a blind man who found some way to relieve the tedium of his existence: they are three-dimensional creations, sometimes tragic, sometimes comic in conception but invariably artistic and remarkable examples of technical skill.

Berthold Ordner could hardly believe that he was achieving fame in the field of art because he never had any ambition to be an artist and did not suspect that his works in common commercial wire would be interesting to anyone except himself and his intimate friends, who predict that he will make a great deal of money from his odd hobby.

Goose Follows Owner Like a Dog

"SILLY as a goose" is a familiar simile that is not to be applied to Billy, a two-year-old gray gander belonging to E. N. Zeikle, a Cameron, Missouri, traveling salesman. This bird, far from being flighty and lacking in sense, has learned to follow its master like a dog and to take care of himself on crowded sidewalks and in the traffic of busy thoroughfares. He knows better than to try to beat a red light and Mr. Zeikle says that Billy is so bright that he sometimes "honks" warnings to him when they are about to cross from one side of the street to the other.

Training Billy was no job at all, according to his owner who bought the bird from a farmer for seventy-five cents with a view to enjoying a good Sunday dinner. The gander raised such a fuss at being tied up in a sack that Mr. Zeikle let him out and, to his surprise, the bird settled down in the front seat of the Zeikle automobile and conducted himself with becoming decorum. This show of intelligence saved him from the chopping block and won him a full-time job as the family pet.

Billy is affectionate as well as intelligent. He makes it plain that he appreciates being one of the family. In cold weather Billy wears a pair of padded shoes that fit over his sprawling feet, a blanket to keep him from getting a chill and a hat that is usually jauntily and amusingly awry.

E. N. Zeikle, of Cameron, Missouri, and His Pet Goose, Following Him About the Streets.

Plant Cuts Its Way Through Ice

ONE of the strangest and most beautiful plants that grows is the blue-blossomed Soldanella that blooms every Spring on the lower slopes of the Swiss Alps. The flower has always fascinated and mystified visitors to Switzerland because, to all appearances, it has its roots in the ice and snow.

So unusual is the Soldanella that Dr. Casey A. Wood, an associate of the National Museum, recently wrote the curious story of the plant for one of the publications of the Smithsonian Institution.

Careful observation of the plant revealed that it does not have its roots in the snow but that, what is almost unbelievable, the slender stalks of the Soldanella, actually drill their way through solid ice in order to lend their beauty to the steep mountain sides while they are still covered with the ice and snow of Winter.

"In the Autumn," says Dr. Wood, "the Soldanella develops thick, leathery leaves well provided with fuel—such as starch and protoplasm, for the coming Winter. These lie flat upon the ground expectant of the snow and ice sheet which may cover them to a depath of several feet."

It is in the Spring that the plant does its seemingly impossible trick of forcing itself through a layer of solid ice, and this is how the drilling is done: Water, caused by the melting of the snow and ice seeps down to the roots and the plant begins to grow. The fuel stored up in the leaves supplies a small amount of heat by the familiar process of internal combustion. This heat is sufficient to melt the ice for a very short distance around the stalks and these push upward through the tiny openings thus melted away.

The water from the melting ice flows downward and serves to give added food and strength to the fragile plant by sending additional moisture directly to the roots. Finally the stalks push up through the ice and into the air and sunshine and break into colorful beds of bright blue blossoms.

Baby 'Gators as Garters and Bracelets

FADS have been born in strange places and in curious ways, and it may be that a girl's visit to the Los Angeles Alligator Farm will lead to a new vogue in personal adornment, though not in just the way she furnished the inspiration, if such it turns out to be.

The young woman's name is Earlene Heath and, as the photograph shows, she made a garter and a bracelet of a couple of baby 'gators—live reptiles that, a few years hence, will not be safe to play with. Miss Heath, according to the managers of the farm, is one of the few feminine visitors to the place to register neither fear nor revulsion for the saurian inmates of the pens and tanks that cover the establishment. Most women are content to watch even the smallest of the alligators from a safe distance, and even then they shudder at the thought of touching one of the scaly "monsters" with their beady eyes and their humorless grins.

But Miss Heath picked the little fellows up by the handful and let them crawl over her lap. She thought they were so "cute" that she used a couple of them as a garter and a bracelet.

"Beauty and the beast," one of her companions said, finding that the little alligator on the girl's wrist somehow seemed to enhance her comeliness, "Say, that wouldn't be a bad idea for a new fashion in jewelry."

The young woman who isn't afraid of the bad little alligators could understand how other members of her sex might go in for inanimate stone and metal representations of the reptiles to be worn on their wrists and as ornaments on garters, but she had the foresight to see that not one woman in a million would consider carrying a live alligator on her arm, to say nothing of having one of the live creatures squirming on her knee.

Alligator bracelets, she was told, might become something of a fad with a few women who go in for the unusual and the bizarre, but even the little fellows are a lot of trouble to keep healthy and happy and they cost more than the more common kinds of pets.

Miss Earlene Heath, of Los Angeles, Sporting a Garter and Bracelet, the Trinkets Being Live Baby Alligators.

Spats and Scotch Kilts Sported by African Soldiers

BECHUANALAND, South Africa, is a long, long way from the bonnie Highlands of Scotland and most of the natives of that British possession are not aware that such a place as Scotland exists—yet the cockiest regiment of native troops in Bechuanaland is fitted out in the famous garb of the "Ladies from Hell," as the Germans called the Kilties during the World War.

That this force of blacks is outfitted with kilts and spats is said to be partly the whim of a Scottish officer of the British army stationed in South Africa and partly due to the custom of the English military authorities of sending its second-hand uniforms to the outposts of the realm where it doesn't matter particularly how the natives in military service dress so long as they are uniformly outfitted.

The Bechuanaland kilties, for all their Scottish garb, are a conglomerate body of men because the kilts are not all of the same colors and patterns. At least a dozen different plaids are to be seen in the skirted ranks and, to the observer who knows his plaids, the total effect is highly comic.

This amusing touch of Scotland in the lower tip of the Dark Continent is given an authentic flair by a corps of native bagpipers who with the natural feeling for music that most negroes have, manage to turn out tolerable music for reviews and parades such as the one shown in the photograph. The wailing, or skirling, of the pipes is not, to the trained ear, wholly Scotch although the band has learned a repertoire of real Scotch marching tunes. The musicians just can't help getting a sort of syncopated tom-tom rhythm in their music which is typically and interestingly African.

The ebony-faced "Scots" seen in the picture are standing at attention and very seriously, because they are attending the military trial of a native chief who had the bad judgment to have a British resident of the country flogged. The chief was deprived of his power for a few days and then, on a promise of good behavior, reinstated.

The Strangely Garbed Kilties of Bechuanaland, South Africa, Lined Up in Review, During a British Court-Martial Brought About by the Native Flogging of a Christian Resident.

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Fed Typhoid Germs to the Girl He Loved

Then Felix Fiala Turned on the Gas in the Hospital Laboratory and Left a Note Saying He Would Wait for Her "On the Other Side of the Grave"

Felix Fiala, the Love-Crazed Young Scientist of the Pathological Anatomy Institute, in Vienna, and, Below Him, One of His Micro-Photographs of Typhoid Germs Which He Spread on the Bread of the Girl He Loved.

Fiala Watched Intently as Miss Grubauer Ate the Bread He Had Prepared for Her With His Mixture of Butter, Cheese, Typhoid Bacilli and the Three Types of Para-Typhoid Germs, and When She Had Finished, He Said: "I have never before enjoyed my life as much as during these few minutes that I have watched you eating." And She Learned She, Herself, Was Marked for the Grave.

VIENNA, Nov. 23.

BERTA GRUBAUER, attractive blonde stenographer, picked up the letter beside the body of Felix Fiala, her rejected lover. It read:

"My darling, as you see I cannot live without you, and as you will see I cannot die without you. I am waiting on the other side of the grave where you will join me shortly. In a few days you will suspect that you are on your way. Quite quickly that suspicion will change to certainty.

"You will feel me drawing you with irresistible force to the cemetery. It will be useless to struggle because I have passed this sentence on you in such a way that no man can reprieve you.

"In the next world they say there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage, which is too bad, Berta, because I wanted to marry you and love you as a flesh-and-blood young man should, not as a cold spirit.

"But it is all your fault and some day I'll make you see it. We'll have all eternity to talk it over."

In the shock of realizing that Felix had committed suicide because she would not marry him, the pretty typist paid little attention for the moment to the sinister intimation that she too was about to die.

The scene of the tragedy and its remarkable sequel was the Allgemeines Krankenhaus, the huge Vienna hospital, which with its bacteriological and serological laboratories, its morgue and other buildings forms a small city in itself, employing a little army of men and women. The great establishment, which has been growing for nearly 150 years, has seen many a strange death drama but never one like this.

In one part of the place are the laboratories where Felix Fiala, thirty-two years old, worked as an expert photographer of microbes. Nearby is the Institute of Forensic Medicine, where in a more cheerful atmosphere, the twenty-seven-year-old Berta rattled her keys all day interrupted by pleasant momentary intrusions of admiring medical men. Between the two was a place which Fiala often visited but Berta carefully avoided—the morgue. Often he had to go there on business, but Berta felt that he had a morbid interest in it because he liked to talk about it so much.

It was this uncongenial habit as much as anything which caused the girl to lose interest in the man. For a year and a half he had been madly in love, with good prospects of winning the stenographer's heart until the last six months when she tried to discourage his attentions. Felix refused to be discouraged and finally she had to tell him that she was engaged to another. Berta had expected a scene, but Felix seemed to go crazy at the news, threatening to kill her if she dared marry anyone but himself. Rather than appeal to the police, Berta spoke to Felix's mother.

The old lady made her son realize that his case was hopeless and that hysterical scenes only made him ridiculous. He must become resigned. Felix listened and finally said calmly:

"You are right. I am resigned. There will be no more scenes."

The young man's attitude to Berta became polite and almost formal but he looked pale and unhappy. The girl was sorry for him and tried to please him in little ways. One morning when he loomed over her desk with an invitation to eat "second breakfast" with him she accepted. There was no reason why she shouldn't. Work begins before 8 o'clock in the morning at the Allgemeines Krankenhaus and it is the custom to start the day with only a cup of coffee, followed by a more substantial "second breakfast" at 10 o'clock.

There was a good reason why she should join him that day. A farmer relative of his occasionally sent him a certain brand of cheese which Berta had always enjoyed. He had just received some and now had it under his arm. It would have seemed cruel to refuse such an innocent little offering.

Berta cleared her desk on which Felix unfolded a paper package containing two large, thick rolls which he cut in half with a knife. With the same knife he buttered the rolls and then smeared them thickly with cheese which he scooped from a small jar. She noticed that he divided all the cheese with exact impartiality between the two rolls. As he offered her the choice, Felix remarked with a queer smile:

"I don't think it will make any difference."

The girl took one and slowly ate it while the man ate the other, watching her with a peculiarly intent expression.

"Think this tastes like the last one?" he inquired.

"Just the same," she answered.

"I thought so, too," he agreed, "and yet no two cheeses are the same. You know, it is all a matter of how the microbes grow in them and what kinds. That's why cheeses in one part of the country cannot be duplicated in another. You would be surprised to know the bacteria you are swallowing at this moment."

"I don't want to know," protested Berta; "it would spoil my appetite."

"No doubt of it," agreed Felix with unexpected enthusiasm. Then added, slowly:

"I have never before enjoyed my life as much as during these few minutes that I have watched you eating."

So saying, he gathered up the paper, the jar, the crumbs, the knife and what was left of the butter, then, with a grin such as she had not seen on his face for many months, went off whistling merrily on his way through the morgue to the laboratory. Berta knew the man well enough to sense that there was some sort of irony behind his words and she did not like it. Felix was a queer person, anyway.

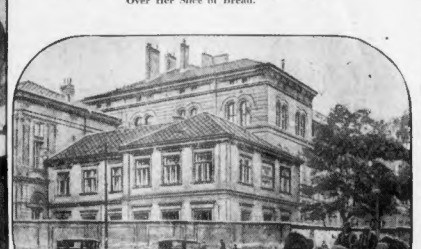
That was Friday. Sunday evening Felix Fiala told his mother that he was going on a little pleasure trip that evening and would not be back before morning. With that same grin he announced that he had not felt so happy in a long time. Mrs. Fiala was too delighted that her moody and dependent son was cheering up to ask where he was going.

When Berta reached her desk Monday morning she found on it the following note:

"I am sick of life. If you want to know more, look in the laboratory. Felix."

Frightened, the girl called a porter, ran with him through the morgue and opened the laboratory where they found Felix, with a gas tube in his mouth, cold in death. Beside the body was that note to her. There was also another, addressed to the police, stating that he had taken his life because of financial troubles. This was later found to be untrue. Fiala was earning a good salary and had no debts. The police, satisfied that it was a suicide, had no further interest in the case but Berta could not forget that letter to her.

Tubes of Typhoid and Paratyphoid Microbes in a "Hatching Cabinet" at the Vienna Anatomy Institute, and From Which Dr. Fiala Took the Four Tubes That He Fed to Miss Grubauer.



Photograph of the Pathological Anatomy Institute, in Vienna, Where Fiala and Miss Grubauer Both Worked.

The girl discussed the matter with her mother and fiance, both of whom urged her to pay no attention to it. The man had been acting queerly for some time and a man in good health who kills himself for love is insane anyhow. No doubt he had delusions that she would be so upset that she too would kill herself. She must not think about it. Normal, happy, pretty girl that she was, in love and planning her wedding and future home, nothing was further from Berta's thoughts than a desire to die.

"Don't worry. I won't," she assured them, but as the days passed, queer things began to happen to Berta. This healthy young specimen of womanhood, always full of energy, who could hardly remember a sick day in her life, began to feel strangely languid and not at all her natural self. Nights were troubled with nightmares of Felix, with that strange grin, trying to drag her into the door of the morgue. Her appetite failed, things did not taste right and she made many mistakes in her work.

Just as she was opposite the entrance, everything grew dark and right through the solid door of the morgue she seemed to see the grinning face and outstretched arms of Felix.

"It is useless to struggle!" seemed to cry the vision, as Berta fainted.

The next thing she knew, the girl was home in her own bed, with her mother, her fiance and the doctor bending over her. They had told the doctor about their suspicions of a death suggestion, which had been strongly confirmed by Berta's unconscious ravings that Felix was dragging her into the morgue. The physician was not convinced and sent specimens of her blood and so forth to the same laboratory where Felix Fiala had worked. Meanwhile he thought it would do no harm to urge the patient to resist any suggestion under which she might be laboring.

"I know," whispered the sick girl, "and I am fighting against it."

Then from the laboratory came a report so incredible that when it spread through the Krankenhaus everyone stopped work in astonishment. The specimens revealed that Berta was suffering not only from ordinary typhoid but from three different forms of paratyphoid, known as A, B and C. In the whole history of medicine nobody had ever been attacked by all four kinds of microbes at once. The entire personnel of the big medical centre turned detective and quickly found the answer to this phenomenon.

The clues explaining this thing so contrary to nature, stood out like signposts as soon as they started looking for them. Four tubes containing cultures of those four germs were missing from the laboratory. From the library, books on the subject were also missing and found in Felix's desk. Questioning the patient on the date of that second breakfast and the onset of her various symptoms completed the case against the dead man.

Felix Fiala, just as he said in that last letter, had decided that he could not live without Berta, nor would he die without her. A man in some other occupation, feeling that way, would have used a gun on the girl and then on himself, jumped into the Danube with her or committed some similar, quite ordinary, form of murder and suicide, of no interest to science.

But Fiala spent his life among deadly germs and probably wondered how long the human intestines could stand a simultaneous attack of these four of their worst enemies. So he mixed millions of them with the cheese, ate half himself, watched the girl eat the rest and went away satisfied that they were both as good as dead. Evidently he did not care to suffer the symptoms and took gas before the first arrived.

The man felt safe enough in pitting his four murderous microbes against the combined resources of the medical centre, which now rose to the challenge. Saving a patient from typhoid and the paratyphoids is more a matter of the nurse than the doctor, but Berta had the best of both. In fact, there were almost perpetual consultations on her case.

Yet Felix almost won. But the other day the crisis was passed and Berta, very weak but free at last from the fever and the dreadful visions, is convalescing. The nurses are still watching for a sign of the dreaded relapse. It is the first time science has fought those four adversaries on the same battlefield and it is guarding its victory with a jealous eye.

The ghost of Felix, waiting on the the other side of the grave, probably suspects by now that the young lady is not going to keep that date.

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Dancing and Art School Where Nobody Wears Any Clothes

Mrs. Constance Towne, Social Registerite and Art Patroness, Who Has Opened the School in Connecticut Where Students Are Educated Without Being Annoyed by Clothing.

A Group of Young Pupils at the Stamford School, Undraped Except for Garlands of Flowers.

An Older Student of Dancing. The Ages of the Pupils Range From Ten to Twenty Years.

COMING in on a cold, wintry afternoon to the warmth of the School of Art in Stamford, Conn., a visitor is greeted by the sight of a group of slender, well-formed girls, ranging in age from ten to twenty—and there they are just as nature made them without the encumbrance of any clothes. The girls are pupils in the school organized and operated without charge by Mrs. Constance Towne, a wealthy woman, a social registerite and a patroness of art. The young women go about their studies and exercises without any self-conscious feelings about their nudity.

Mrs. Towne, who is herself a sculptress, musician and dancer, is the widow of Frederick Talmadge Towne and the daughter-in-law of Charles Towne, of the Yale Lock Corporation. The school has today ninety pupils and they are children taken from the poorer districts of Stamford and given an opportunity, without any expense to them, for the study of music, dancing and expression.

An idealist who has little patience with our present social system with its class discrimination, Mrs. Towne first conceived the idea of having her students attend classes without benefit of clothes when she tried to formulate some plan whereby all students would meet on an equal footing.

"Without clothes to show the stratum of society to which a person belongs, there can be no social discrimination," Mrs. Towne says. "Debutantes and shop workers look a great deal alike when they have disrobed. My students are not clothed in heavy silks and lack of virtue; they are clothed in innocence."

When a student makes application to Mrs. Towne's unique school she is first told the rules and regulations. As soon as she comes to class in the morning she must put away all of her clothes until she is ready to leave. Mrs. Towne accepts only girls in her school. Very rarely does a prospective student object or show any self-consciousness, Mrs. Towne says.

Mrs. Towne believes that if the students of all schools were forced to attend classes nude the morals of the next generation would be much superior to those we have today.

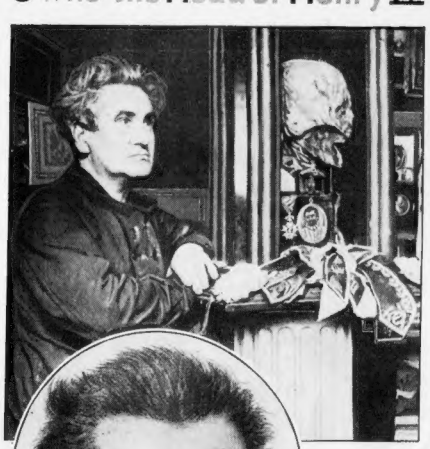
"If nudism were not exploited on the stage, but brought as a matter of course into our daily life, there would be little glamour in girl shows," she says: "Our future generations would be more healthy and easier to look at.

"Almost everyone is so ugly now that they are afraid to take off their clothes. If people knew they could not hide their bulges and angles, they would take better care of their bodies.

"Women today are savage. They decorate themselves with everything from feathers to furs. The only thing they don't do is put rings through their noses. They are vain and stupid. All modern women seem to want is to have a cigarette to smoke, a glass of gin to drink and to be tempting either to their own or somebody else's husband."

Before her marriage Mrs. Towne studied medicine and it is on sound health principles that she bases many of her theories. She points to herself as an example that her ideas are sound. At sixty-five she can dance for three hours and carry a hundred pounds up a flight of stairs without panting. She makes her meals out of fruits, vegetables and rice. She doesn't smoke or partake of alcohol.

Owns the Head of Henry IV



—Above—
Monsieur Bourdais, in His Studio in Montmartre, Seated Beside the Glass Case in Which the Mummified Head of the Monarch Rests.

—At Left—
An Anonymous Portrait of Henry IV Made in 1600, and Said to Be a Striking Likeness of the King.

PARIS.

THE chief "decoration" in the ramshackle Montmartre apartment of M. Bourdais, a photographer, is a macabre, mummified human head which, it was recently revealed, probably is the remains of the royal and historically famous head of King Henry IV, that recklessly courageous and ardently romantic ruler of France in the late sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

M. Bourdais bought the gruesome relic in 1919 for three francs. When he began examining his purchase closely, he noticed certain stains of blue coloring at the base of the skull, and he recalled that the relatives of Henry IV had dyed certain portions of the royal remains blue to hide amorous and religious pictures in tattoing. He also noticed a scar on the dried flesh of the lip and he remembered that such a wound was mentioned in the King's memoirs. The contours of the cranium checked closely with the authentic paintings of the royal head.

Every Frenchman who knows the history of his country is familiar with the fate of Henry IV. He knows that the king was assassinated in 1610 just when he was cooking up a war with the House of Austria, and that during the French Revolution, some 140 years ago, the skull of Henry IV was lost when the rioting populace looted the tombs of the royal burial ground. But not until it was learned that M. Bourdais has what he is sure is the cranium of a former ruler of France did anyone give much thought to the fate of the head of Henry IV.

The photographer regards his curious objet d'art, if it can be called that, as priceless and whenever he leaves his apartment to travel he takes the head with him in a small pine box lined with purple velvet.

Windshield Wipers for Motorists' Goggles

MANY automobile racers have lost their lives because their goggles became clouded with dust and, in wet weather, with moisture, but it was not until recently that L. A. V. Davoren, an English inventor living in London, perfected a type of goggle that provides drivers with clear vision under all conditions.

As the photograph shows, Mr. Davoren borrowed an idea from the automobile manufacturers and fitted the lenses of his protective glasses with windshield wipers. The good-looking young woman wearing the goggles is Miss Paddie Naismith, one of the most daring and skilful feminine race drivers in the world. She tested the racing spectacles by piloting her fastest car about the track at speeds ranging from 50 to 100 miles an hour and she reported that they worked perfectly.

Inventor Davoren had quite a time working out a light, simple and efficient mechanism to move the wipers back and forth at the proper speed. In one of his first experiments he activated the wipers with a small electric motor, but this made the helmet too heavy. Finally he conceived the idea of replacing the motor with a small but sturdy fan which would be turned by the rush of air against the driver's head and which in turn, would provide the power for the twin wipers.

Several different sizes and types of fans were experimented with until one was built that was sensitive enough to move the wipers when the wearer was idling along at 15 miles an hour and which did not jam or revolve too fast at a speed of 100 miles an hour or more.

One well-known British racing driver, after he had taken a fast spin wearing one of the new helmets, said he believes that the simple invention will play in part in the breaking of existing speed records. "I have lost more than one race and missed record-breaking performances," he said, "because my goggles were covered with dust, or moisture. I didn't dare to drive my machine at top speed because I was afraid of colliding with other cars or going off the track. With such goggles as these a driver ought to enjoy clear visibility under all conditions."

INTERNATIONAL NEWS PHOTO

An English Woman Race Driver Wearing the Goggles Equipped With Automatic Windshield Wipers.

Cat and Robin Are Pals

"PUFFY" may, or may not, be the most intelligent cat in New York City—she recently was awarded a medal attesting to that distinction at the annual meeting of the Anti-Vivisection League—but she does behave differently from most cats when it comes to birds, one red-breasted robin in particular. The cat took a great liking to this bird, which Puffy's owners call Chippy, and plays with him for hours at a time. The unusual photograph is ample proof of Puffy's friendship for the robin.

Only once has the cat given the bird a bat with her paws, and that was when Chippy made the mistake of pecking his pal's ear.

WIDE WORLD PHOTO

Puffy, a Feline Resident of New York City, Submits to the Ordeal of Posing With His Playmate Chippy Perched on His Head.

Stork Visits 3 Brothers on Same Day

THAT wise and busy old bird, the stork, sometimes waxes as whimsical as the little winged cherub with whom he is, in a way, in business. There's just no telling what the long-legged, big-billed fellow may do to his host of customers. He leaves girls where boys are ordered, and vice versa. He doubles and triples—and now again quadruples—consignments. But seldom has the stork played such a prank as he did a few days ago when he called at the homes of three brothers on the same day.

Two of the proud fathers—Alfred and Richard Bowman—live in Winterbourne, Ontario, Canada. The other recipient of a "blessed event" makes his home at Shantz Station, which also is in Canada. His name is Norman.

The members of each of three Bowman families expected the stork to call on them but it was their understanding that the youngsters would come along several week apart. Not until the excited heads of the three households got in touch with one another by telephone did they know that the whimsical old bird had decided to dispose of the three jobs at one fell swoop, so to speak.

It was Richard Bowman who was favored with the first call. He rushed to the telephone and called his brother Alfred. "Hello, Alf," he shouted in a voice high-pitched with excitement, "I just wanted you to know that we have beat you to it and have a brand new and strong-lunged young man in the family. He arrived about an hour ago."

"You're surprising me!" retorted Brother Alfred in a voice that bespoke his agitation. "Say, I was just trying to get you to tell you that the Alfred Bowmans had stolen a march on you and increased the population of Winterbourne by one homely and noisy young lady. In a day or two I'll be able to tell you her name. At the moment we're addressing her as 'it'."

Brothers Dick and Alf asked each other if Norman wouldn't be surprised, and envious, when they called him up to tell him the double order of good news. But they were no more anxious to break news to him than he was to them. Before they got around to advising him that he was an uncle twice over, he had put in calls for them to inform them that they had a new nephew, a bouncing young fellow who probably would grow up to be premier of Canada or something equally distinguished.

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Why Many People are Obstinate and Pig-Headed

Science Explains That the Construction of Both the Mind and the Body Encourages Contrariness and Makes It Natural to Want to Do What We Are Told Not to Do

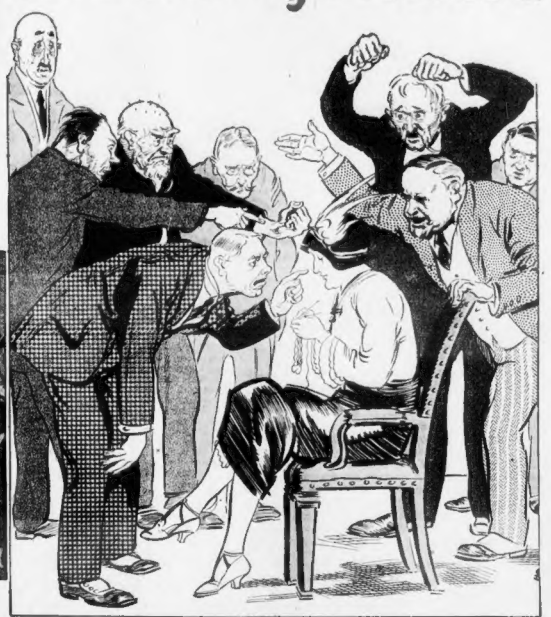
By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph. D., Sci. D., F. R. S. A.,
Director, Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, New York.

TO many people the sign in the park, "Keep Off the Grass," stirs a desire to step over the fence and walk on the grass ground; when the traffic light changes there is an urge to run past it; the words "No Admission" make them itch to push the door open and walk in. Many individuals are ready to argue on the other side of almost any question, although up to the moment the subject was mentioned their thoughts were in sympathy with the proposition—an exhibition of contrariness.

In some mental disorders this disposition to do the opposite of what is requested is the outstanding symptom. Tell a patient to sit down and he will stand up, to whisper and he will shout, to open his mouth and he will lock his jaws firmly.

In earlier times exhibitions of dogged stubbornness were regarded as the inherent cussedness of the individual. But many scientists now explain that contrariness springs from the curious mental mechanism of the human body which is called ambivalence—a dual quality of conflicting mental and moral forces.

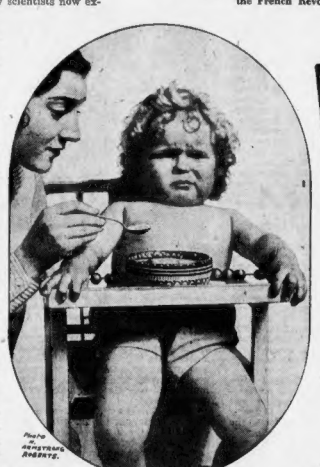
Marie Antoinette on Her Way to the Guillotine. If She Had Not Been So Obstinate the French Revolution Might Not Have Taken Place.



Obstinacy of One Person on a Jury Sometimes Upsets All the Time, Trouble and Expense of a Trial. Mrs. Orvilla Jones Stood Her Ground Against the Arguments of the Eleven Men on the Jury, and as the Night Wore On Took Out a Hairpin and Thread and Began Placidly to Knit.

Whatever idea is in mind there is likely to be in the background a subconscious idea exactly opposite. Psychologists have shown this by experiments in which persons were asked to tell the word which comes into their minds first as the experimenter announces some word. Thus when the professor shouts "cold," the average person instantly has "hot" as the first word that pops into his mind; in the same way "black" suggests "white," "high" suggests "low," "up" suggests "down," "heavy" suggests "light," "fast" suggests "slow," etc.

This curious contrariness seems to be true for each person's mind; everyone has the tendency to readily being contrary, but with some individuals this is more strongly marked than with others. And it is not only the mind but the structure of the body which is also put together along lines of opposites. The brain is in two halves and the nerves cross so that the activities of the right side of the body are controlled by the left half of the brain, and the left-hand side of the muscles and nerves of the body are controlled by the right-hand side of the brain. Even the muscles which move hands, feet and limbs are arranged in opposing pairs, one section of the nervous system thus works contrary to other sections.



Contrariness Begins at a Very Early Age. Children Show It in Their Resistance to Food, or the Authority of Nurse or Parent.

The Flight of the Obstinate Charles the Bold After the Battle of Morat.

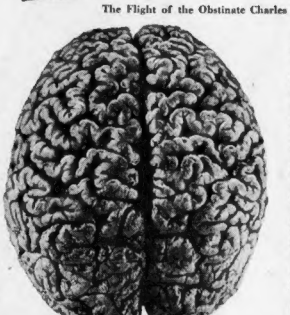
So, it is explained, man comes naturally by his impulse to contrariness, mulish obstinacy and stubbornness. Other forms of this are shown in his sulkiness, sullenness, wilfulness and refusal to cooperate. Persons who have this tendency strongly developed are likely to pride themselves on what they call their strong will, their dominating make-up or the assertion that they are broad-minded and want to look on both sides of a question—which usually means that they want to take the other side of the question. A strong streak of this contrariness is an important element in the development of the mind of the radical. The habitual radical might almost be described as constitutionally contrary. He is actually against things oftentimes merely because so many people are for the other side.

Sometimes one member of a jury, who has a fixed and unshakeable opinion, will hold out against all the arguments of the other eleven jurors. Thus Mrs. Orvilla Jones in a Pennsylvania court made up her mind before she entered the jury room, and stuck to it throughout the night while the other members of the jury argued with her. During the discussion Mrs. Jones took out a hairpin and thread and began placidly to knit.

Extreme cases of this are seen in the insane asylums where, as I have already mentioned, an inmate when told to sit down will stand up, etc. I have seen such a person drink a full glass of strong vinegar when someone who did not understand the condition jokingly told the patient not to drink the vinegar. While most people are suggestible, and act along the lines suggested, this patient, as well as the ordinary contrary person, is what is known as contra-suggestible.

Stubbornness, or contra-suggestion, shows itself early in life. A study of more than a thousand young children by Drs. D. M. Levy and S. F. Tulchin at country fairs in Illinois shows that in childhood this appears first at about six months of age, then gradually rises to a high point from which it falls to what might be called a person's normal negativism at about five years of age. These two investigators found that the more intelligent children were least contrary; so the contrary adult, is not only, so to speak, childish, but also relatively dumb. Dr. Reynold's findings have been confirmed independently by Dr. J. F. Nelson.

These research workers, as well as Dr. Florence L. Goodenough, find that this is not a universal trait. This is hopeful. It means that some people may be very stubborn, while the other people are very conplaisant, with hundreds of thousands of people scattered between these two extremes. It is the complaisant people who make it possible for organized society, business cooperation, and such to exist while markedly obstinate people are the ones with a tendency to make life for others a pain in the neck.



Photograph of a Human Brain Which Is Divided Into Two Halves—the Left Half Controlling the Right Side of the Body, While the Right Half Controls the Nerves, Muscles and Actions of the Left Side.

Peter Stuyvesant, he of the silver encased peg leg, and governor of divers places for the Dutch in the seventeenth century, was almost as famous for his stubbornness as for his booming voice. His obstinancy kept his subjects in constant troublesome revolt. Philip II of Spain had almost as much despotic obstinacy and made his subjects look upon him not with cooperation but as a cruel bigot. Louis XIII of France may have been obstinate for a different reason—he had an impediment in his speech which made it impractical to talk things over.

There is some research evidence which indicates that one reason some adults still have a large amount of this childish and dumb trait is because of too much supervision by parents. Children whose parents are continually trying to keep them from doing things by saying, "No, no," are in a very real sense developing their children into being contrary adults who want to have their own way, and whose own way is usually the opposite of the way other people want. Instead of wanting to fight the contrary person, we should perhaps hunt up his parents and trim them down. Madame Elizabeth de France, daughter of the Dauphin Louis, was proudly obstinate as the result of being a pampered and spoiled child of royalty.

Woodrow Wilson has been accused of obstinacy, but Dr. Howard C. Warren, the Princeton psychologist, says he was just "extremely hard to convince once he had thought a question through and reached a decision." But, at any rate, many Europeans believe that the stubbornness of Winston Churchill was responsible for the terrible slaughter at Gallipoli.

Although it has been found that the trait in early childhood reaches its low point at about five years of age, there is an intensive developing of contrariness in later life in the adolescent period, around fifteen to twenty years of age. This is generally recognized as a period when it is hard to manage young people, and they are hard to manage largely on account of this quality. Dr. Leta S. Hollingworth of Columbia University has commented on an interesting aspect of this as follows:

"The parent who wishes to break off a growing attachment will do well to remember the added charm of the forbidden. The spirit of self-assertion is, especially in youth, closely associated with sex impulse. Clandestine love is especially attractive to the youth, apparently because spiced with rebellion against authority. Love making carried on in the face of obstacles is sweeter to many temperaments than that carried on at the instigation of elders."

The "Keep Off the Grass" Sign Stirs Many People to a Desire to Disregard It. This Monkey Not Only Scampered Over the Grass, but Showed Its Contempt by Climbing Upon the Warning Sign, as Many a Human Being Is Tempted to Do.

Dr. Ernest R. Groves reports, in addition, that "we find two extreme reactions. One child becomes the victim of suggestion to such an extent that he never develops, but carries through life childish tendencies and is easily swayed by his contact with dominant persons or even as a result of different forms of suggestion common to modern life such as skilful salesmanship or clever advertising. The other type of child develops into a rebel. He seeks every opportunity to react adversely. Sometimes this childhood habit extends into later life, becoming strengthened in the process. The result is an unsocial or even anti-social individual who at the least will be stubborn-minded and constantly antagonistic to social conventions."

Dr. William H. Burnham says further that "some people are antagonistic to whatever is suggested—a normal attitude perhaps at the age of four.

In extreme cases they oppose any plan or project, or even any statement made by another. If they are, in general, sensible persons and their cooperation is desired, this can easily be obtained usually by suggesting indirectly the given plan, and when the matter comes up for discussion, waiting until they suggest the plan as their own, and then agreeing with them. Or more surely, perhaps, one can suggest the opposite of what one desires, present that forcibly and then agree to the person's contrary attitude. Thus such extreme cases may be called negatively dependable.

"To test such people, to determine whether this is a survival of childish obstinacies or not, is easy. The test is merely to suggest a most trivial matter and note their reaction. If the attitude is a survival, the response will be negative, however trivial the matter at issue. The writer recalls such a case. If one said to this man in the morning, 'It is likely to be fair weather today,' the reply was immediately, 'It will rain before noon.' If, on the other hand, one said, 'We are going to have rain today, probably before noon,' the reply would be, 'Haven't you any more confidence in the weather man than that? There will be no rain today.' Again in discussion this objector would prove his own view by the forcible and positive statement, 'I read it in today's paper.' If your own authority, however, was the newspaper, equally forcible would be his statement, 'You can't believe what you read in the papers.'"

One encouraging aspect of obstinacy is that such a person is usually difficult to hypnotize—and we might also add, difficult to like, difficult to work with, difficult to live with, as well as difficult to convert into a cooperative state.

Edward VI, of England, son of Henry VIII and Queen Jane Seymour, showed marked obstinacy in his adolescent years, and it may be just as well for the world that he died young, for his "strong willed" obstinacy would conceivably have taken thousands of lives in unnecessary wars waged against the best of advice as the blind obstinacy of Marie Antoinette, against the advices of Mirabeau, helped bring on the murderous French Revolution.

Or consider Charles the Bold, who succeeded his father as Duke of Burgundy in 1467; in the prime of life, and a man of decided promise—refined, well educated, energetic, ambitious. But his obstinacy overruled all these good qualities in the course of a few short years and eventually caused his ruin, culminating in his total defeat and death January 4, 1477, at Nancy, in a battle with Duke Rene, his naked body being found covered with wounds in a swamp the day after the battle.

All such strong-willed people, both past and present, are merely obstinate; most strong-minded persons are really just contrary.

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Truckman Had Wife In Every Terminal

WHEN his truck turned over and killed Irving L. Parke, long-distance moving man of Colorado and Nebraska, three wives turned up, each claiming to be the lawful widow. Like the sailor who has a sweetheart in every port, Parke, who was 60 years old but very energetic, had a wife in every terminal. One he maintained at Columbus, Nebraska, another at Fremont, in the same State, and a third lived at Sterling, Colorado.

The man who leads a "double life," with a home established at one place and perhaps a "love nest" somewhere else, is not an unfamiliar figure. But a "triple life"—only a man in the long-distance trucking business could get away with it.

Parke could kiss his Fremont, Neb., wife good-bye after breakfast and run over to Columbus, about 55 miles away, in plenty of time for lunch with his Columbus wife. But if he had to take the long trip, over 300 miles away, to Sterling, Colo., he told both his Nebraska wives he'd be seeing them later, having been called out of town a few days on business.

He had always had Mormon tendencies, it seems, but had not been able to indulge them until the past year or so, when he went into the trucking business. At one time he was a man of considerable means, having owned a ranch in Colorado. But there is scarcely any estate for the three widows to disagree over, now, except for his fleet of trucks, against which there are many claims.

The high cost of triple-living boosted Parke's household expenses to three times what they are for the ordinary man of family. His Sterling and Columbus wives were each established in nice houses, and his Fremont wife had an apartment. Each did everything she could to make a comfortable home for him, and all thought they were succeeding.

The awkward business of finding out who was Mrs. Parke started at the funeral. He was on his way to see his Fremont wife, Mrs. Carrie Parke, when he was killed. He had just left his Columbus wife, Mrs. Kay Parke, and, since

Two of Irving Parke's Wives Were Amicably Planning His Burial When a Telegram Arrived From Colorado Holding Up the Funeral Until the Arrival of Wife No. 3.

the accident happened not far from there, his mortal remains were taken to Columbus. It was here at a funeral parlor that Mrs. Kay Parke, who was making all arrangements for the burial, met for the first time Mrs. Carrie Parke, the Fremont wife.

"Why, I had no idea—" exclaimed Mrs. Kay Parke, aghast.

"Nor I!" cried Mrs. Carrie Parke. "How long had he been married to you?"

"Over a year. How long had he been married to you?"

"Why, he just married me last April!" sobbed Mrs. Carrie Parke.

The two Mesdames Parke saw there was no use to be disagreeable about it, so they went ahead with the funeral arrangements as Kay had planned. They had scarcely selected the coffin and engraved—appropriately enough—a Mormon minister for the ceremony, when there came a telegram from Sterling, Colorado, signed "Mrs. Lois Palmer Parke" and giving instructions that all funeral plans should be held up pending her arrival.

"Oh, I know who that is—that's the wife he divorced," said Mrs. Kay Parke.

But Mrs. Lois Palmer Parke arrived next day with an indignant denial that she was any such thing as divorced. She married Parke in 1899, had lived with him ever since, and they were the parents of two children, now grown and living in Colorado.

This wife, No. 1, had visited Parke in Columbus, a couple of times, and Parke had explained her to Wife No. 2 by saying, "That ex-wife of mine is always snooping around—I'll tell her you're my housekeeper, just to avoid any possible trouble."

The possible trouble, he had added, might come from the fact that his divorce was not yet absolute. He had told the same thing to the wife he married in Fremont last April, and had added further that they had better go under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Owen, just in case anything came up.

But all three wives came together at the bier of the triple-dealing Mr. Parke, and freely forgave him and forgave each other, if there was anything to forgive. The Colorado Mrs. Parke, who had a right to be regarded as the dean of his wives, since she had lived with him 34 years, took his body back to the little town, her home town and his, where they had been married, and there he was competently interred. The Columbus, Neb., Mrs. Parke went there for the burial, too, but the Fremont Mrs. Parke said she couldn't afford the railroad fare. The unexpected death of her husband had left her with very little money.

"If I can just get back my $65 gold watch I loaned him when his was being repaired, and also my automatic pistol," she said, "I'll be satisfied. I'll make no claim against the estate, if there's any such thing."

There will not be any such thing, the lawyers for the other two Mrs. Parkes promise, when the undertaker has been paid.

The three wives of Mr. Parke were equally grieved about his passing, and none of them said she had anything to regret in her relations with him. He was good to all of them, they said, and they will cherish the memory of him, divided though it is in three sections. It was in the nature of his business to be away from home a lot, and they got used to it.

They are all women past forty, and the Colorado wife is ten years older than the Nebraska wives. All their friends agree that Mr. Parke was an awfully nice fellow, and they all are sorry that his truck won't come chugging into town any more.

Missed Death 12 Times As Close-Shave Champion Of The World

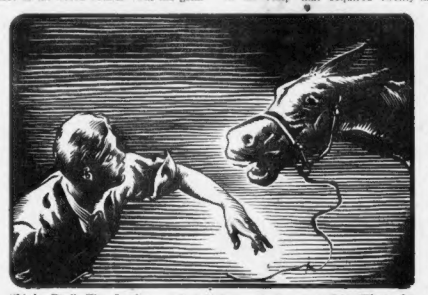
THE long distance record for hairbreadth escapes from death belongs to "Little Doc" Crigler of Arkansas, unless some other claimant shows up with a more harrowing twenty-three years to his credit. "Little Doc" is just that old, but twelve times in his short life he has teetered between life and death, he has been unconscious and almost gone for a grand total of seventeen days, and he has spent ninety-seven hours of his life under the knives of surgeons.

He has been bitten by a mule and a rattlesnake, has broken nearly every bone in his limbs, and has had his skull fractured so many times that he has lost count of them. He has been all but asphyxiated by carbon monoxide, and minor ailments like blood poisoning, pneumonia and appendicitis have often started him on a ride to the cemetery which he obstinately refuses to take. Surviving now at the age of twenty-three, he is a strapping football coach of 170 pounds, but he always has his fingers crossed.

"Little Doc's" real name is Ralph, and he got his nickname from the fact that his father is a leading doctor of his home town, Alma, Arkansas. Ralph has been urged to study medicine himself, because he has spent so much time with doctors and hospitals that he almost knows enough to practice. But he prefers a quiet life far from the smell of antiseptics, when he is reading up between accidents, and he earns his livelihood as principal of the public school at Charleston, Arkansas. Perhaps—if nothing happens—he make take up medicine later.

He fought the first of his dozen rounds with the grim reaper when he was only eight years old. Being no different from other little boys, he waited until his mother was not looking one day and then sneaked off with the older boys for a visit to the old swimming hole.

He thought he could dive like the other boys, for Little Doc has never admitted that there was anything he couldn't do. He dived from the bank, missed the deep-water spot he was aiming for, and struck his head against a submerged rock. When he "came to" he was on his dad's operating table with a long series of stitches in his scalp.



"Little Doc" Was Leading a Pack-Mule on a Camping Trip When the Animal Bit Him on the Arm and Blood Poisoning Set In—Just One of the Twelve Times He Has Narrowly Escaped Death.

This accident did not cause any permanent injury, but it taught young Crigler to be cautious for the next six years when he sneaked off to the swimming-hole. There were only boyish aches and pains to bother him until he had reached the ripe old age of fourteen, when he staged his second round with the Great Leveler.

This time it was a mule that tried to lay him low. Little Doc was off on a camping trip with other boys and was leading a mule with a packsaddle when suddenly the mule showed his distaste for the whole affair by biting the boy on the arm. The wound of itself was not so serious, but there were only sketchy first-aid facilities at the camp and Little Doc's arm became infected. Then blood poisoning set in, and for a long time it seemed that the boy would either lose his arm or lose his life. But Little Doc was just beginning to show that he could fight, and after his father had nursed him all Summer long he was on his feet again.

Though he weighed only 110 pounds he thought he would make a swell football player—and the second time he went out for practice with a schoolboy team he wound up in the hospital with two broken legs. While he was recuperating he had an attack of acute appendicitis, and under the ether Little Doc went again for an operation.

"Never say die—don't even say 'sick,'" was Little Doc's motto now, and he got out of the hospital in time to play on the school team before the term was out. But in his very first action he came out of a scrimmage with a fractured knee. Little Doc's bones just wouldn't stay unbroken.

But it remained for the year 1926 to set a new high in catastrophes. To start the year off with a bang, Little Doc did an unintended high dive from the top of a 30-foot ladder. As usual, he fractured a few bones and had to lie in casts until later in the Summer. Then he went on a real adventure in the woods, a treasure hunt which depended on a chart given him by an aged Indian. He did not find any buried treasure, but he did find an enormous rattlesnake, with a body as big as Little Doc's leg.

The rattlesnake promptly bit him—an experience which few humans live to tell of, unless snake serum is administered at once. Little Doc was deep in the woods, far from doctors and hospitals. He lay there writhing in agony until a kindly bootlegger chanced by and took him to his cabin. Whether it was the bootlegger's wares that saved the youth's life, or some other part of the treatment, doctors are uncertain. But the bootlegger pulled him through, and in four days he was able to go back and get ready for college.

He was a little weak for walking and decided to hitchhike back home. Two nice gentlemen in an automobile gave him a lift, but they were in a dreadful hurry to make up for time they had lost, so they rounded a curve going 70 miles an hour. Little Doc might have known something would happen. The car turned turtle and he fetched up in the wreckage with three skull fractures and new wounds in his scalp that required twenty-three stitches. The stitches just sort of criss-crossed in a crazy quilt pattern on Little Doc's bean now.

He got through his first year in college without a single accident, but the next Summer, when he was home, he tempted fate by setting out to sell a motorcycle. When he was demonstrating to his prospect how fine the thing would run, it suddenly bucked and sent Little Doc hurtling through the air. He landed, as usual, on his much-abused head. He was knocked for a couple of unconscious loops and some more stitches.

To follow this up, in the Winter he went into the family garage on a cold day to start his car, and carefully closed the door after him. The car started quite easily, but while he was busy checking its parts and innards he suddenly became drowsy and collapsed.

With his usual luck, Little Doc was rescued in the nick of time from death by the carbon monoxide route. For hours his life was despaired of, but Little Doc's father told the other doctors they didn't know their patient. He gradually came back from his sightseeing trip toward eternity. Just to show the hospital people that he was in no hurry, Little Doc, cured of carbon monoxide, developed a serious ailment which required a major operation on his digestive tract. Then, as soon as he was properly sewed up, he developed double pneumonia, and again the progressive undertakers of Alma waited expectantly for a call.

But Little Doc's number hasn't come up in earnest yet, though it flashed on the mortal indicator a dozen times. He finished his college course and for two years has been a football coach and school principal.

"Speaking of operations," says Crigler, "I think I am going to have another one soon. But hey nonny nonny—it's all a matter of luck. I don't know whether you could properly say I've had bad luck or good. It seems good to me. It seems I'm the close-shave champion of the universe."

Barring accidents, Little Doc hopes to be married, one of these days, to Miss Cora Blanche Byers, who is waiting for him with bated breath back in Alma, Arkansas.

Chained Boy Of 6 To Bathtub All Day

FRED NEBGEN, a Toledo ice man, didn't like his six-year-old stepson, so after the boy's mother died Nebgen chained him, naked, to a bathtub, and left him there all day long, with a jar of water just out of reach.

Neighbors had heard the little boy, Spencer Allen, crying and screaming ever since his mother died two months before, and they knew the boy's stepfather was beating him. But they hesitated to interfere in anybody else's family affairs, and they did not dream such cruelty was being practiced on the boy until a playmate discovered him one morning after the stepfather had gone to work. This boy, Walter Veler, was passing the house when he heard Spencer screaming. That was nothing new, but Walter wondered why his chum was crying that way after his stepfather had gone.

He found the front door unlocked and walked in. Spencer's screams led him to the bathroom, which also was unlocked. In the semi-darkness Walter saw his playmate. There was a heavy dog collar around the child's neck. Hooked to the collar was a chain which was fastened to a leg of the bathtub. The chain was secured there with a heavy wire, so the little fellow had not been able to unbend it. But Walter, a bigger and stronger boy, managed to get it loose.

Spencer, between sobs, told him that his stepfather had given him nothing to eat for several days, and had chained him there so he would "keep out of trouble." Walter took the prisoner to the kitchen. He found an egg, lighted the gas stove and fried it. Spencer ate it like a starved puppy. Then the older boy led him back to his ill-smelling bathroom prison and fastened him again with the chain. Walter did not want to get in trouble with Spencer's stepfather, or to do anything that would make the man punish Spencer more. He closed the door and went out, but in his anxiety to get away he had forgotten to wash and put away the skillet he had used in frying the egg.

When the stepfather came back home that evening he found the skillet on the stove and saw that an egg was missing. He abused the boy until Spencer confessed what had happened. Then he took down a heavy razor strop and lashed the naked boy unmercifully. The neighbors heard screams that made them shiver.

Next day the stepfather used a padlock instead of a wire to fasten the chain, and locked the door of the bathroom. He left three slices of bread and a jar of water in the bathroom, but the boy had to eat the bread dry because the water was just out of his reach. Neither could he reach the faucets in the bathtub.

In the meantime Walter Veler, though he was scared about it, had told his parents about Spencer. The Velers and their neighbors called on a justice of the peace to do something about it, and two officers were sent to investigate. Followed by a crowd of neighbors, they broke into the Nebgen home, forced their way into the bathroom and there found Spencer, cowering naked on a stool, too weak and frightened to cry. The chain was so short he could not stand up. He had an infected sore on one foot. His eyes were red and swollen from crying. Women wept when they saw his pallid, emaciated body.

The officers wrenched loose the chain savagely and picked the little fellow up. They took him away and fed him. He ate, whimpering like a beast, two apples, an orange, six jelly rolls and a bag of cookies.

Then the stepfather was arrested instantly and held in default of $5,000 bail. He was charged with unlawfully punishing and torturing a minor.

"What could I do?" he asked cynically. "I didn't have anything but bread and water to feed him, and I had to chain him up to keep him out of trouble."

Toledo citizens are wishing there were a law that would permit them to torture Nebgen as he tortured his frail stepson, but there isn't. The law is more humane.

Spencer's maternal grandmother, who lives in Tennessee, is expected to take care of him hereafter. She hadn't known that anybody was being so mean to him.

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Her Palace Under A Turnip Field

BRITISH archeologists have found remains of an ancient British pro-Roman building, which they believe to be the palace of Queen Boadicea, one of the most heroic and romantic figures in all history, who almost drove the mighty Roman Empire out of Britain.

And strange to say the palace foundations lie concealed beneath a humble field of turnips. It is situated near the village of Marksh all, five miles from the ancient city of Norwich, capital of the county of Norfolk, which formed part of the territory of the Iceni tribe, over which Queen Boadicea and her husband, King Prasutagus, ruled.

Soon after the Romans invaded Britain in 43 A. D. they established a stronghold at Camulodunum, the modern Colchester, a few miles south of Norwich. This placed them on the frontier of the Iceni country, which was soon overrun with Roman officials, soldiers and traders. Reports of the lucrative horse-dealing business carried on by these people reached Rome where great financiers were always on the lookout for a new source of wealth to exploit.

Some of the fine horses of the Iceni were taken to Rome and it became fashionable for the Roman ladies to drive them in their chariots, and also to dye their hair yellow, so that they might look somewhat like Queen Boadicea—more correctly called "Boudicca"—and other British women.

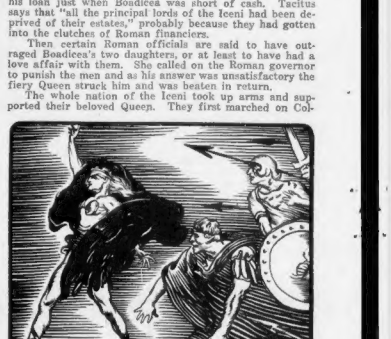
The famous Roman Stoic philosopher, Seneca, one of the original exponents of the simple life, was living at this time and was occupied in the accumulation of a comfortable fortune. He induced Prasutagus and Boadicea to accept a loan at high interest and well secured.

Prasutagus died a few years later without a son. By his will he left his kingdom jointly to the Roman Emperor and his two young daughters, a not unusual arrangement, as it was supposed to secure imperial protection. Boadicea was to act as regent.

Seneca became worried about his money and "called" his loan just when Boadicea was short of cash. Tacitus says that "all the principal lords of the Iceni had been deprived of their estates," probably because they had gotten into the clutches of Roman financiers.

Then certain Roman officials are said to have outraged Boadicea's two daughters, or at least to have had a love affair with them. She called on the Roman governor to punish the men and as his answer was unsatisfactory the fiery Queen struck him and was beaten in return.

The whole nation of the Iceni took up arms and supported their beloved Queen. They first marched on Col-



From Colchester, Boadicea Marched on Verulamium, an Important Roman Settlement, Represented by the Present City of St. Albans. The City Was Thoroughly Pillaged.

chester, where the Romans attempted to defend themselves in their temple and were slaughtered to the last man, woman and child. During all this fighting Boadicea, who was of heroic stature, led her troops into battle in person, riding up and down in her chariot before them with her golden hair flowing in the breeze and brandishing her great spear.

From Colchester, Boadicea marched on Verulamium, an important Roman settlement, represented by the present city of St. Albans, and sacked it. The Ninth Roman Legion, stationed at Lincoln, marched south to meet Boadicea, but her fierce horsemen broke its ranks and all but a few were killed.

Then they turned towards the new Roman settlement of London. Suetonius Paulinus, an able Roman general, was then in North Wales a great distance away. Realizing the danger, he proceeded by forced marches to meet Boadicea. By that time 80,000 out of 100,000 Roman settlers in Britain had been killed. All the tribes of Britain were flocking to the standard of the heroic Queen and the Roman Empire was on the point of being driven out of the country.

The Romans in London begged Paulinus to save them. For strategic reasons he could not do so. Boadicea's followers entered London and sacked it and then advanced to attack Paulinus.

The Roman general had 10,000 veteran troops to meet ten times as many Britons. Boadicea, like an avenging goddess, rode ahead of her men exhorting them to take vengeance for their own wrongs and for what had been done to her two flaxen haired daughters, who lay huddled at her feet in the chariot.

Never did the fight for the freedom of the ancient Celtic races in Britain seem more hopeful. But Boadicea's men had not been trained to fight in such large masses. The skillful Romans attacked and broke the center furiously with their javelins and then plunged through with their swords. If the Britons' wings had closed in on the Romans they would have overwhelmed them, but they stood waiting to be attacked. Soon the Romans fell on them in the rear and threw them into confusion. Nearly 80,000 Britons were killed and no quarter was given to the wounded.

Boadicea escaped, but she would soon have been captured by her merciless enemies. If she had been taken alive she would have been paraded through the streets of Rome in chains and would then have been killed. Unwilling to endure this shame Boadicea took poison the same night and was buried by some followers in a secret grave.

Three years ago an ancient stone coffin was unearthed at Beddington, in Surrey, containing the bones of a woman of great stature. All her teeth were perfect except one, which it was suggested might have been knocked out by the Emperor's official in his taste with Boadicea. In the same tomb were bone eandlesticks, golden brooches, and other ornaments of Boadicea's period.

This discovery stimulated the search for traces of Boadicea and now the interesting relics have been found near Norwich. The excavations are under the direction of Professor Atkinson, of Manchester, a distinguished archeologist.

Rough stone blocks of ancient workmanship were found beneath the turnip field. They evidently formed the foundation of an unusually important building, likely to be the palace of the local king. Most buildings of the period were of wood.

The fact that a lost city once stood here was first revealed by aerial photographs taken by the Norwich and Norfolk Aero Club.

Strange Domestic Tangle in a Science Laboratory

Young Mrs. Garceau's Unusual Complaint That the Physiological Work-Shop of the Harvard Medical School Was a More Effective "Vamp" Than Any Alluring Blonde Beauty Could Be and Stole Mr. Garceau Away From Her Despite His Struggles Against It

Mrs. Ernest Lovell Garceau of Cambridge, Mass., Who Is Bringing an Alienation Suit Against Dr. Hallowell Davis and His Wife of the Harvard Medical School, Where Mrs. Garceau's Husband Is a Research Worker in the Physiological Laboratory.

The Hand of Science, According to Mrs. Garceau, Dropped the Physiological Laboratory of the Harvard Medical School Over Their Charming Little "Dove-Cote" in Cambridge Like a Candle Snuffer, Extinguishing the Flame of Her Husband's Love.

Dr. and Mrs. Hallowell Davis, Whom Mrs. Garceau Is Suing.

Mr. Ernest Lovell Garceau of the Physiological Laboratory of Harvard University Medical School.

Mrs. Paul Bartsch, Wife of the Distinguished Dr. Paul Bartsch, Who Began Suit Against Him for Divorce, Charging That He Used Her and Their Baby as "Biological Specimens" for Laboratory Observation, but Who Finally Went Back to Her Husband.

WHEN an ordinary, unscientific husband grows cold and indifferent all of a sudden, without any explanation, his wife generally knows what is the matter and what to do about it.

She goes right out and finds the "hussy" who is breaking up her home, sues her husband for divorce and, if she wants to be real mean, gives the other woman's reputation a black eye by naming her as corespondent. If the "love-pirate" has money she may take some of it away in an alienation-of-affections suit. But when these things happened to Mrs. Rose Garceau the problem was not so simple. Mrs. Garceau is the wife of Ernest Lovell Garceau, of the Harvard Physiological Laboratory at Cambridge, Mass.

Her home had been broken up, her husband's love alienated and all the harm done that could perpetrated by the wildest kind of a blonde but the home-breaker in the case was no temptress in the usual sense. Science, a cold, fleshless thing of the mind cannot be named as a corespondent, cannot be sued and owns no property. However, Rose was not to be daunted by even such difficulties. She has brought an alienation-of-affections suit for $50,000 against Dr. Hallowell Davis, Rockefeller Research Professor at Harvard Medical School, and Mrs. Davis.

According to Rose, Mr. Garceau was a perfectly good husband until about three years ago. He was working for the International Telephone and Telegraph Co., in New York, as a radio engineer, which was scientific work of the right kind. He was working to make it cheaper and easier to talk around the world. Neither Mrs. Garceau nor any other wife is prejudiced against such sensible science as that. Anything that promises to let women talk further and oftener, is a nice idea, and there ought to be money in it.

Ernest's behavior was sensible, too. He came home to dinner regularly, took his wife out to dine, to the theatre and other desirable places reasonably often, liked to have her buy pretty dresses and, at all times, was a loving and demonstrative mate. A husband like that is worth easily $50,000.

All went well until Professor Davis persuaded Ernest to come to Cambridge and work with him in the Physiological Laboratory. The professor, she knew, was a man of high scientific standing and, like his wife, bore a blameless moral reputation; also Harvard was an illustrious university. When Rose asked what the new job would be like, Dr. Davis assured her that it would be pure science. Mrs. Garceau's mother had trained Rose to believe that pure things were always the best, in groceries, women and even liquors, and she carelessly supposed this was true when applied to anything. In a 100 per cent pure laboratory there surely would not be any wild-eyed blondes vamping around. This last part of Rose's hypothesis seems to have been correct.

They moved into a cute little white cottage, near the laboratory and known as the "Dove Cote," where all was billing and cooing for a while. When she asked her husband what he was actually trying to do she learned that he was striving to invent a machine by which one could see and photograph the changes in the cells of the body after death.

There wasn't supposed to be any cash profit in that or any other line of pure science, her husband explained. But worse was to come. Mrs. Garceau ought to've known that something was radically wrong when her husband began to mention how women's frivolous conversation clutters up a scientist's mind.

Presently other ominous symptoms appeared. He did not come home for dinner or if he did it was to hurry his meal and dash back to that laboratory again. When at last he called it a day, at two or three o'clock in the morning it was to go right to sleep without even kissing a goodnight. If she sat up for him he promptly dived into the most uninteresting books she ever saw. Rose was amazed that publishers would print such dreary tomes.

"They are pure science," she says her husband told her. "Go to bed. How can I think straight with you talking?"

Many a wife has been jealous of her husband's business or profession but she has the consolation that if he succeeds, there will be much wealth for her to spend. But for this wife of a pure scientist the only prospect seemed to be that she would have the not-very-thrilling honor of saying that her husband was a pioneer corpse photographer.

So Mrs. Garceau rebelled. In her husband's vain attempt to get a divorce, he stated that she kicked him out of bed, scratched his face and refused to get his breakfast. Rose said that this was not only untrue but at least part of it was so contrary to nature as to be unscientific. Women don't kick with their feet. They get out of the habit because their slippers are so fragile and tight that it would do them more damage than the dog, man or other worthy object of chastisement. She had kicked verbally but who wouldn't at such neglect?

As for not getting breakfast. If working men have the right to strike, why not wives? Perhaps she would have been justified in picketing the laboratory with a big placard reading, "UNFAIR TO WIVES." But she didn't and the judge threw out her husband's case.

Mrs. Garceau kicked loud and long when Mr. Garceau announced that he was "going to exterminate the physical bond between them."

"I'll kill my passion for you in six months," she says he prophesied and that he did it but it took about two years.

"It was really the fault of the Davises," she says. "We were quite happy, Ernest and I—until the three of them became colleagues. Mrs. Davis is a scientist, too. She works with her husband and my husband in the Physiological Laboratory at Harvard. It was she and Prof. Davis who persuaded Ernest to give me up.

"When they had influenced him, he sat about exterminating our love as methodically as Science deals with microbes. It is terrible to watch a man kill the thing he loves. My poor Ernest became a fanatic. From being the most devoted of lovers, he sought to become an ascetic. He put himself through tortures. And, in the end, Reason conquered and Passion died.

"The Davises thought he should devote himself entirely to Science. They looked upon me as a disturbing influence. I distracted him, they said. They wanted him to be like a young priest. But that I say is not in nature—not, at least, in Ernest's nature. He is a quite physical young man, with a bent for electrical engineering."

Ernest, she says, kept leaving her in a scientific and monastic frame of mind only to return in a fleshly mood. On one of these absences, Mrs. Davis visited the "Dove Cote," which just then contained only one mourning dove, late at night. Ernest, who was staying at the Davises, had worried about shutting off the furnace, putting out the cat, etc. To avoid falling into temptation, possibly, he had sent Mrs. Davis over with the keys to attend to these chores. She let herself in and found Rose upstairs in bed, where the two women had a confidential chat, the fine points of which they dispute.

Mrs. Garceau says that Mrs. Davis was interested in neither the furnace nor the cat. But that the real reason she called was to see what she might see.

"She hoped to catch me in some indiscretion," explains Mrs. Garceau innocently.

"Nonsense!" retorts Mrs. Davis. "Rose Garceau deserves a good sound spanking for talking like that."

Mrs. Garceau goes on to say that Mrs. Davis, at this point, sought to persuade her to divorce Ernest.

"Why don't you free him?" demanded the nocturnal caller. "Can't you earn a living?"

"She told me I never did a thing for Ernest," complains Mrs. Garceau. "She said that I never so much as baked him a cake."

It was after this that Ernest lived off and on with the Davises, but he invariably returned to his wife.

"He wanted me, and he didn't," she explains.

"Puss," he said once, she alleges, "you're lovely. You'll make some man a wonderful wife." And then, she says, he told her that he was going to break all the fetters that fastened them—the physical and the emotional.

"At that time he began to read his dreadful scientific and psychological books," explains Mrs. Garceau. "And he went in for athletics. Besides riding, he learned to shoot and to swim. It was all so silly—as though sports could make up for love! He remained with me less often as time went on. At length he absented himself for cruelly long periods.

"Then one day he announced that the physical bond was broken. I looked at him in astonishment, and saw with my own eyes what a psychic transformation had taken place in the man I loved. That was the end."

"Science is perfectly wonderful," admits Mrs. Garceau. "And I wouldn't do anything to hurt it as long as it minds its own business, whatever that may be, but Hallowell and Ruth Davis had no right to interfere in my life, and I am going to teach them a lesson. I have brought suit just to show them. It may be three years before the case goes to court, and something may happen before then.

"Ernest's mother has lots of money, and I guess the Davises could raise some, too. As for me, I haven't a cent. Only my piano, and a rented rug. I share my apartment with another girl, and she has the bed, while I sleep in the kitchen. It's just too awful—Ernest having everything—Science and all. And me with nothing but leftovers."

Dr. and Mrs. Davis deny that they ever meddled and say that Mrs. Garceau's charges "as such, are a fictitious development in terms of the imagination." Their own life indicates that Science and love are not incompatible, provided both have the scientific temperament.

Until America's entrance into the World War, Dr. Davis was a pacifist, but when war was declared, he went across with the Harvard Ambulance Unit. And there he met Pauline Allen, a Boston debutante, who was directing relief in the American Hospital at Stamboul, in Turkey. Miss Allen had been recently decorated for her part in the rescue of 600 refugee Greeks from a burning hospital in Antolia, and was suffering from typhus fever. Dr. Davis persuaded her to marry him as soon as she was up and around, and the ceremony was celebrated at dawn on a mountain overlooking the sea. Which looks as though the Davises have their share of romanticism. Mrs. Garceau to the contrary notwithstanding. They have been married for ten years, have two children and live in a Normandy-type chateau. Mrs. Davis assists her husband in his laboratory and is well known in scientific circles.

Mrs. Garceau is not the first wife to complain that Science has alienated her husband's affections. Mrs. Signe Bartsch, sued her husband Dr. Paul Bartsch, Professor of Biology at George Washington University, in Washington, D. C., charging that he forgot she was a loving wife and got to regard her and their baby as biological specimens, like guinea pigs, snails and parrots.

One day when this learned man brought home a nice box of candy and took great pains in ordering dinner, she had no doubt that it was because he remembered that it was their wedding anniversary and she was ready to forgive everything. But to her dismay she learned that it was only to study her reactions to these things.

"What do you think I am—a biological specimen?" she demanded.

"Yes," he answered, "To be exact, you are a perissodactylic plantigrade bunodont."

This merely means that she was a creature with an odd number of fingers and toes, who walked flat-footed like a bear and had "hump teeth"—like every other human being. It was not an insult, but somehow it was the last straw and Mrs. Bartsch went right out and saw a lawyer. But afterwards she went back to Prof. Bartsch.

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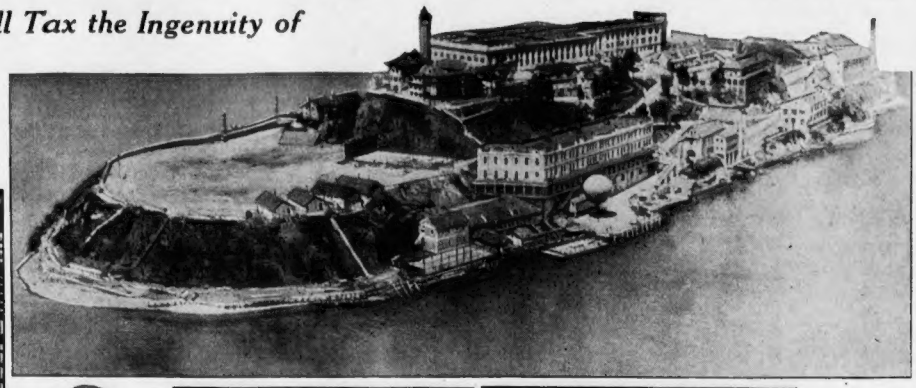
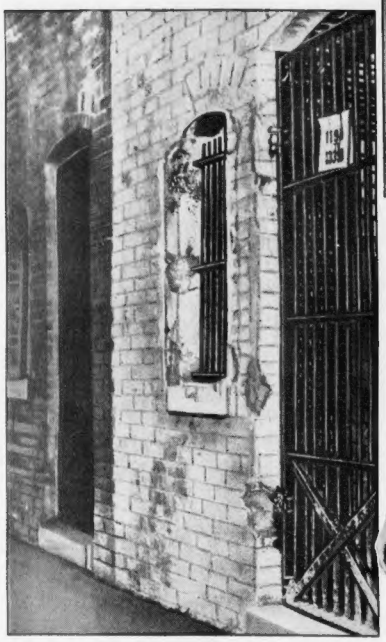
Dark Dungeon Cells on America's "Devil's Island"

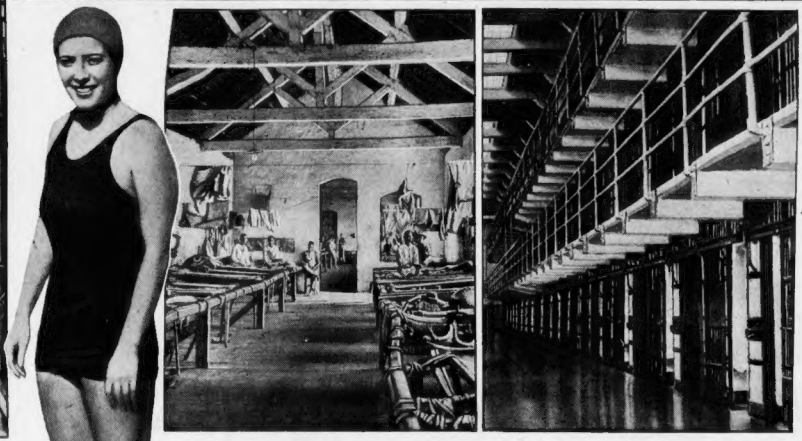
Safeguards Which Will Tax the Ingenuity of Resourceful Desperado Federal Prisoners Who Try to Escape from Alcatraz Fortress



Bird's-eye View of Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay, Known as "The Rock." This Ancient Fortress is Being Modernized as an "Escape-Proof" Prison for Desperate United States Convicts and Has Been Called the American "Devil's Island."



Photograph Taken in a Narrow Corridor in the Underground Cells in the Old Fortress at Alcatraz Island. These Subterranean Passages and Cells Are Now Dank and Gloomy Dungeons Into Which Not the Slightest Ray of Natural Light or Fresh Air Can Penetrate.



The Primitive Dormitory of the French Prison on Devil's Island, Compared With the Modern Cell Block in Alcatraz Island Prison.

IT was a silly thing for "Machine Gun" Kelly, desperado and kidnaper, to tell the Federal detectives that he would not stay long behind the bars. That childish act of bravado stirred the Government authorities to take extra precautions to see that he did not accomplish his boast.

Mr. Kelly, who was one of the leaders in the kidnaping of Charles F. Urschel, the Oklahoma oil millionaire, is very carefully guarded in the Federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas. But he will shortly be moved to a place where an escape will tax his ingenuity and resourcefulness.

The Federal Government is fixing up for his reception the old fortress on Alcatraz Island in San Francisco Bay. This prison, known as "The Rock," is a grim pile of masonry set atop a cliff-girded island around which swirling currents and tides ebb and flow. It has for a long time been used as a prison and there have been occasional escapes from it. But now it is to be modernized, made as nearly "escape proof" as possible, and some 600 of the most daring and desperate Federal prisoners will be kept there.

Of course, no prison is actually escape-proof. There is always the element of treachery on the part of the wardens and keepers. With sufficient money to tempt the prison officials, a prisoner can escape from any prison.

On Alcatraz Island are the foundations of the old citadel or fortress built in 1857. What once were walls and bastions above the ground are now impregnable foundations very deep in the bowels of the island. In the interior of the old fortress are dozens of stone-flagged rooms, narrow corridors, powder magazines, cells and tiny cubicles. Very little light penetrated these interior rooms and corridors even when they were built. And the construction of the new prison above them has sealed up whatever windows there were in the earlier structure.

Thus beneath the present prison there lies a veritable maze of dark and dreary dungeons; cubicles, some of them so small that a man *cannot* lie down in them and into whose profound darkness not the slightest ray of natural light can penetrate.

All of this subterranean structure communicates directly with the model prison above, although no prisoners have been locked up in them since the latter was built. True the model prison has solitary confinement cells but they are on the upper tiers and though dark are warm, dry and well ventilated.

George ("Machine Gun") Kelly, Kidnaper and All-Around "Bad Man," Who Will Have a Chance to Make Good His Boast That He Won't Stay in Prison Very Long.

Thus the Government has a wide variety of choice. It can house its incorrigible prisoners in the modern cell block or in the dungeons below, estombment in which makes the comparative freedom of France's Devil's Isle pale into insignificance. Or it can utilize both, keeping the prisoners in the cell blocks above so long as they behave themselves and moving them down into the dungeons below for infractions of rules or punishment for attempting to escape.

The second consideration of the Government, that of the improbability of escape, has caused wide controversy since the Government's announcement. The announcement stated that for the scores of years The Rock has been used to incarcerate prisoners never a one has escaped due to the rushing currents and tides that sweep about the island.

This is incorrect. At least seven prisoners have escaped the new cell block, reached the mainland and vanished. Many others have reached the waters of the bay and several the mainland only to be recaptured.

The island is only a mile and a quarter from the San Francisco peninsula. A week after the Government's announcement, Anastasia ("Babe") Scott, recently graduated from high school and the daughter of Sergeant George A. Scott of the Alcatraz garrison, leaped into the bay from the island and swam ashore.

Two days later Miss Doris McLeod, 18 years old, not only swam to the island from San Francisco, but completely around it and back to San Francisco again. Miss Gloria Seigliano, 20, accompanied Miss McLeod to the island and half way around it.

So there seems to be little doubt that a strong swimmer can make it to the mainland from the island if nobody interferes with him. Four of the seven who escaped from the island did so during a benefit prizefight program staged on the island. Army authorities believe that four had confederates among the civilian spectators who slipped them overcoats and hats and that they walked aboard the boats returning to the city and escaped. The other three vanished from the prison without a trace, the assumption being that they succeeded in swimming the channel.

Many have lost their lives in the attempt. Two prisoners once hid out in the prison grounds until dark then crawled into a cavern in the face of the cliff to await high tide. The tide was so high it filled the cavern and their bodies were found there next morning.

At another time the prison chaplain died and his orderly, a trusty, in some manner got hold of some widow's weeds. Posing as the sorrowing widow, the prisoner managed to reach the mainland via the prison boat only to be picked up in San Francisco.

Three others secreted some empty oil drums under the cliffs. These they lashed together one night and attempted the swim, but suffering from cold and exhaustion they called to the sentry for help when about a quarter of a mile from the island and they were rescued. Another's body was found floating in the bay a short time ago.

But, as already pointed out, even a dungeon cell in the prison caverns could be opened by Mr. Kelly, or any other prisoner, if he succeeded in bribing the keeper to set him loose.

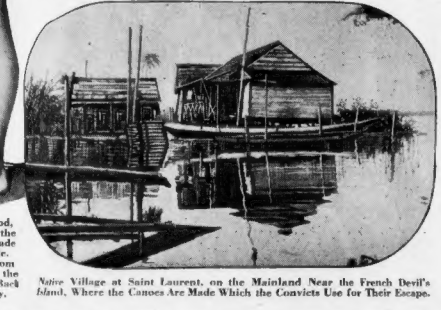
That no prison is escape-proof has been proved again and again and the wholesale escapes from the French penal settlement, the famous "Devil's Island," off the coast of South America, have become a national scandal. In fact, while the convict population should be about six thousand the colony is steadily disbanding itself so that at the present rate of escape there would be few prisoners there five or six years from now.

There is a regular stream of disappearances from Devil's Island, averaging from five to eight a day. A business of escape has been established with ramifications in Cayenne on the mainland and in France. Of course, wholesale escapes do not happen without the permission of the jailers. Times are hard, wages small and they need the money kindly forwarded by friends or relatives of the convicts.

In St. Laurent Bay the natives on the mainland are busy all through the year hammering away at canoes which the prisoners must have to make their getaway. There is no other possible need for the activities of these busy boat-builders. Similarly, special rations for the arduous flight, which may take as long as a month, are supplied along with firearms and hatchets for hacking through the tropical vegetation.

Escapes, as now being organized with the frequency of Summer cruises, cost between $100 and $150 and as parties usually leave six or eight or even ten together the individual outlay is often reduced to a mere $15 or $20, meaning that escape is now within the reach of quite modest purses. The canoe comes to $30 to $35. To this must be added $10 or $15 for the Indian and Chinese boatmen who start the convicts on their voyages. The balance goes for provisions, tobacco, and arms. These figures do not include what the guards are paid to look the other way when their guests are departing.

Miss Doris McLeod, Who Read That the Swift Currents Made Escape Impossible. She Swam Out From the Shore, Circled the Island and Swam Back Without Difficulty.



Native Village at Saint Laurent, on the Mainland Near the French Devil's Island, Where the Canoes Are Made Which the Convicts Use for Their Escape.

A report from Paris recorded the recent escape of seventeen prisoners in one day, led by a notorious murderer, Levasseur. Having paid the necessary bribe and the cost of the canoes and provisions the little expedition set out from Devil's Island, but ran into a storm. The boats were swamped, but Levasseur led his party into the marshes adjoining the Isle of Saint Laurent du Maroni, and they remained in hiding there until he was able to arrange for other boats.

The party set forth again but was carried out to sea in another storm and their food and water supply ran out. Reduced to desperation, they drew lots as to which of the seventeen should be killed and eaten by the others.

The lot fell to Levasseur, and he was about to be killed when the fog covering the boats lifted and showed that land was only a few score yards away. The fog which the men had regarded as a misfortune was really a blessing, because it hid them from the French patrol-boat that was searching for them. They finally arrived safely and landed in Brazil.

Thus the most desperate cutthroats in France are drifting back to their native homes, or are scattering themselves through South America or the West Indies Islands.

The old dread of being sent to Devil's Island has pretty well disappeared from the minds of French desperadoes. This is because of the knowledge that escapes are frequent and easy.

Even before convicts are put on board the prison ship to make the voyage to the penal colony, relatives are frequently approached with plans and price lists for arranging the escape of the convicted man. These arrangements are made through the agency of an association of escaped convicts which has been established on one of the British islands of the West Indies. These gentlemen, who had been prisoners and who made their own escape, are well qualified to handle the problem for any wife or relative who has the money to pay for their services.

This organization to aid the escapes is also equipped to provide false identity papers. Thus, if the convict has money enough, they will guarantee to land him on British soil or in some South American country with identity papers which will satisfactorily cover up his real identity and allow him to move freely to any part of the world he pleases.

But the organization of escaped convicts to aid those still in confinement is not the only friend the prisoner has. By a muddle-headed sentimentality the Salvation Army is also said to be helping out the escaped cutthroats. Three or four years ago a branch of the Salvation Army established at Port-of-Spain, Trinidad Island, is reported to have let it be known that fleeing convicts might look toward them for help. It is said that escaped prisoners who reach this island are given money and are helped to continue their journey to places safe from pursuit and capture. If it is true that the Salvation Army provides welcome, shelter and help for these runaway murderers and confirmed enemies of society, it is a strange view of duty to mankind.

By a rule of the Government, convicts who have served their sentences on Devil's Island are liberated, but are not allowed to return immediately to France. Liberated prisoners are required to remain under observation in the prison colony on the mainland at Cayenne for as many years as they have served sentence as convicts. This is because the members of this penal colony are considered as extra dangerous persons, and, perhaps, the hope is that if they did not die from the rigors of their punishment while serving their sentences, they might meet death from the deadly climate or dissipation during the period of probation after their release.

Some of them manage to find work, but on the whole they have a hard task. They lead a life of debauchery and theft for the greater part, and it is not an unusual sight in the morning to find in the streets of Cayenne or St. Laurent the dead body of a liberated man who had been murdered by another paroled prisoner.

Once a month a liberated man, according to an old custom, can go to the women's prison and pick out a wife for himself from the women's colony. Invariably, according to Sister Florence, in charge of the women prisoners, he will pick out the worst in the bunch, who would remain with him a few days and then run off to join some other convict.

Thus these conscienceless male and female hyenas have been breeding a race of super-criminals.

"Devil incubators," Marcel Prevost, the distinguished French writer, has called these colonies. And the late Dr. Bertillon, the famous criminologist, in writing of the marriages of the criminals, said:

"They are creatures without character or principle, habitual and incorrigible malefactors. They are types in themselves of the lowest order of humanity.

"It is from such parents that these strange, evil children are born. What could come from criminals in such a hell? Nothing but demons!"

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The "Face on the Bar-Room Floor"

The Scenes of "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now," "Ten Nights in a Barroom" and Other Classics of the Old Liquor Saloon Days Banished in New York, Probably Forever

Sketch by the Famous Artist, Cruikshank, of an Old English Barroom, Which Was the Father of the Notorious American Liquor Saloon.

PROHIBITION has gone; and so has the old-time liquor saloon and even the bar with the brass rail, in New York State, at least. The Commission appointed by the Empire State to regulate the sale of liquor in New York has taken every precaution it could think of to prevent the return of the barrooms and yet allow people to have liquor to drink.

It was the abominable abuses of the old corner liquor store which finally resulted in prohibition—but prohibition brought on evils which were worse than the barroom." But the evils developed under prohibition were not the same evils which the saloon had bred. Now it is believed that the evils of the saloon and the evils of prohibition can both be avoided under intelligently framed liquor laws.

Around the old-time liquor saloon grew up endless scandals, debaucheries and iniquities and also some literature which has become classic.

The pathetic "Father, Dear Father" poem written by Henry Clay Work did much to stir hostility to the saloon.

One of the stanzas ran:

Oh, father, dear father, come home with me now,
The clock in the steeple strikes eight.
You said you were coming right home from the shop—
Oh! why have you lingered so late?

The house is all dark, the fire is gone out,
And mother's been watching since tea;
While all is so lonely, so dark and so drear,
With no one to cheer her but me.

Another interesting classic was widely known as "The Face on the Barroom Floor," written by Hugh A. D'Arcy, the playwright and theatrical manager. The poem gained wide popularity and was plagiarized and adapted by song writers and variety shows the world over. It was presented as a recitation by many professional and amateur actors.

These poems, ballads, novels and plays were seized upon by prohibition crusaders as weapons in their campaign against the saloon. In the case of "The Face on the Barroom Floor," the author did not approve its use in the campaign, and he explained that he wrote the lines as an admonition to bartenders to deal gently with those ragged men who might not owe their condition to inherent worthlessness.

At a birthday party some years ago at the Green Room Club in New York in honor of Mr. D'Arcy, he remarked that the poem's correct title was "The Face Upon the Floor," and went on to say:

"Joe Smith ran an excellent saloon on Union Square, on the north side of Fourteenth Street, at the corner of Fourth Avenue. In the old days the district was called 'The Rialto,' and Joe's barroom was the gathering place of managers and other men of the theatrical profession.

"With a group of friends I was seated at one of the tables on a Saturday evening in August, 1887. In staggered a wreck of a man, who begged them for a drink. But the business-like Joe shouted, "Get out!" and the waiters backed his command with action. Even Joe's dog rushed savagely at the unfortunate and tore his trousers."

But D'Arcy and some of his friends were touched at the sight which inspired the poem.

Then there was the stirring novel by T. S. Arthur, "Ten Nights in a Barroom." This was highly dramatized into a five-act play under the same name with this interesting cast of characters:

Joe Morgan	the DRUNKARD
Sample Slade	a LIVE YANKEE
Simon Slade	the LANDLORD
Mr. Romaine	the PHILANTHROPIST
Harvey Green	the GAMBLER
W. Hammond	Pride of the VILLAGE
Frank Slade	the awful EXAMPLE
Mrs. Morgan	DRUNKARD'S WIFE
Mary Morgan	DRUNKARD'S CHILD
M. Cartwright	a YANKEE GIRL
Mrs. Slade	the LANDLORD'S WIFE

"The Vagabond," the Unfortunate Drunkard in "The Face on the Barroom Floor." From Sketch Copyrighted by Frank Harding, Music Publisher, New York.

One of the Largest Bars in the World. "The Owl," at Mexicali, Across the Border From California. Where in Its Prosperous Days as Many as Eighty Bartenders Were Employed, Besides Dozens of Girls Known as "Percentage Drinkers."

The Most Vicious Part of the Old-Time Saloon Was the Notorious "Back Room," Where Women Associated With Men, Where Thieves Congregated and Where Prosperous Looking Patrons Were Drugged and Robbed.

The most vicious part of the old-time saloon was the notorious "back room." Here anything could happen, and did happen. Women of the streets sat about entertaining patrons who had straggled in from the barroom into the back room. Men who could no longer stand up at the bar were guided to chairs at a table and were still served with drinks as long as they had consciousness enough to order them and money enough to pay for them. Thieves and pickpockets hung about in the back room, watching their chance to lift pocketbooks, watches and stickpins. Many of the women who frequented the side-show to the barroom were pickpockets, and if they could not lure a customer to their own room they robbed him at the table in the back room of the saloon.

It was in this room that gangs of thieves met and planned jobs. It was here the police collected their blackmail money from the owner of the saloon. And it was in the back room where fights, stabbings and shootings and sometimes wholesale murders took place. If a customer was blackjacked or shot in the back room it was customary to carry his body out and around the block and lay it in the gutter while the policeman on duty looked the other way, and he was careful that in his report of the finding of the murdered man no reference was made to the saloon where the murder took place.

It is not known what was the biggest barroom in New York City but they were of all sizes and degrees of expensiveness from the fashionable bars at the Hoffman House and the Fifth Avenue Hotel to the ten-cents-a-drink liquor stores on the Bowery and at Coney Island.

One of the largest bars in the world was "The Owl" at Mexicali, just across the border from California. In this famous drinking place there were eighty bartenders employed on some occasions. This resort also employed a number of girls, who were known as "percentage drinkers." Their income was sixty cents out of every dollar's worth of drinks they induced a patron to purchase. They were licensed as "cabaret girls" and lived on the American side of the line. Their morality was, for the most part, at least doubtful.

If the saloons had their little back room annex so, too, in some cases the barroom became the annex to notorious resorts of various kinds. Not many years ago there were "dance halls," where women of the underworld plied their trade, and where careless New Yorkers and visitors from out of town went, danced with the girls, got knock-out drops in poisoned whiskey and woke up with throbbing heads in some dark doorway—or found their way to a slab in the morgue. One of these delightful places was known as the "Tub of Blood," and it earned its name by many a shooting and stabbing. Another was the notorious "Haymarket," which was really a market for the women of the streets to trade themselves for whatever they could get honestly or dishonestly from patrons. Probably the wickedest den of all was William McGlory's unspeakable "Armory Hall" in lower New York.

Contemporary Drawing to Illustrate the Ballad, "Father, Dear Father, Come Home With Me Now."

This was a well recognized hang-out of the most desperate characters of New York's criminal population and the women were, for the most part, utterly without conscience. McGlory, himself, was a scoundrel and the police knew perfectly well all about him and his dive. When a blackjacked patron or a stabbed and bleeding customer or a dead man was found around the corner—nobody doubted where he had been robbed. In all these abominable resorts the bar was an annex to the activities on the dance-hall floor but a profitable one. Doped drinks were served by the bartenders on occasions when the girl at the table tipped the proper signal to the waiter who passed the order on to the bartender to drug the intended victim's whiskey. Of course, the police could have closed every one of these places—but there is no money in a closed-up dive.

The real trouble with the old saloon was the disreputable people who ran them and the crooked politicians and blackmailing police who protected them. Under the new law there will be no saloons in New York.

THE FACE ON THE BARROOM FLOOR—By H. A. D'Arcy

'Twas a balmy summer evening, and a goodly crowd was there,
Which well nigh filled Joe's barroom on the corner of the square,
And as songs and witty stories came through the open door
A vagabond crept slowly in and posed upon the floor.

"Where did it come from?" some one said. "The wind has blown it in."
"What does it want?" another cried. "Some whiskey, rum or gin."
"Here, Toby, sic him if your stomach's equal to the work—
I wouldn't touch him with a fork, he's as filthy as a Turk."

"Give me a drink—that's what I want—I'm out of funds you know,
When I had cash to treat the gang this hand was never slow.
What? You laugh as though you thought this pocket never held a sou!
I once was fixed as well, my boys, as any one of you.

"There, thanks! that's braced me nicely! God bless you one and all!
Next time I pass this good saloon I'll make another call.
Give you a song? No, I can't do that; my singing days are past;
My voice is cracked, my throat's worn out, and my lungs are going fast.

"Say! give me another whiskey, and I tell you what I'll do—
I'll tell you a funny story, and a fact, I promise, too.
That I was ever a decent man not one of you would think;
But I was, some four or five years back. Say, give me another drink.

"You've treated me pretty kindly, and I'd like to tell you how
I came to be the dirty sot you see before you now.
As I told you, once I was a man, with muscle, frame and health,
And but for a blunder ought to have made considerable wealth.

"I was a painter—not one that daubs on bricks and wood.
But an artist, and for my age was rated pretty good.
I worked hard at my canvas, and was bidding fair to rise,
For gradually I saw the star of fame before my eyes.

"I made a picture perhaps you've seen, 'tis called 'The Chase of Fame.'
It brought me fifteen hundred pounds and added to my name.
And then I met a woman—now comes the funny part—
With eyes that petrified my brain and sunk into my heart.

"Why don't you laugh? 'Tis funny that the vagabond you see
Could ever love a woman and expect her love for me!
But 'twas so, and for a month or two her smiles were freely given,
And when her lovely lips touched mine it carried me to heaven.

"I was working on a portrait, one afternoon in May,
Of a fair-haired boy, a friend of mine, who lived across the way;
And Madeleine admired it, and, much to my surprise,
Said that she'd like to know the man that had such dreamy eyes.

"It didn't take long to know him, and before the month had flown
My friend had stolen my darling, and I was left alone;
And ere a year of misery had past above my head
The jewel I had treasured so had tarnished, and was dead!

"That's why I took to drink, boys. Why, I never saw you smile!
I thought you'd be amused, and laughing all the while.
Why, what's the matter, friend? There's a tear-drop in your eye!
Come, laugh, like me; 'tis only babes and women that should cry.

"Say, boys! if you give me just another whiskey I'll be glad.
And I'll draw right here a picture of the face that drove me mad.
Give me that piece of chalk with which you mark the base-ball score,
You shall see the lovely Madeleine upon the barroom floor."

Another drink, and with chalk in hand the vagabond began
To sketch a face that well might buy the soul of any man;
Then as he placed another lock upon the shapely head,
With a fearful shriek he leaped and fell across the picture,—dead.

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The 14X is a Balanced Unit Superheterodyne in a particularly attractive cabinet of new design and in addition to the Patented Inclined Sounding Board, has the new and exclusive PHILCO Super "Class A" Audio System, Bass Compensating Tone Control, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, New Auditorium Speaker, Illuminated Station Recording Dial and PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes. Receives regular broadcasts, BOTH bands of police calls, plus many amateur and airplane short-wave channels.

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How about a "personal" radio?

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Provides exceptional performance and delightful tone at a most moderate price. Automatic Volume Control and Tone Control. Covers regular broadcast band and all police, some airplane and amateur channels. Illuminated Station Recording Dial. Full-size PHILCO Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Uses the latest type PHILCO 6.3 volt multiple-function high-efficiency tubes.

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The PHILCO 54C is the first small set built to meet Underwriters' Safety Standards. Automatic Volume Control. Illuminated Dial. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Operates on A. C. or D. C. Tunes not only the regular broadcast stations, but also all police—some amateur and airplane short-wave stations. Built-in aerial—no ground required. Hand-rubbed Butt Walnut Cabinet $33. PHILCO 57C (for Alternating Current only) $22.50.

YOUR DEALER WILL MAKE IT EASY FOR YOU TO BUY A PHILCO

Of course you want a PHILCO! And with PHILCO dealers in every nook and corner of the country—it's as easy to find where to buy one as it is to find where to buy a postage stamp. Your nearest PHILCO dealer will be glad to make terms that will make PHILCO ownership well within your budget!

Now comes the season of the year when "What shall I get for Mother?"—and "I wonder what Bill would like?"—are the main conversational topics around the house.

And what happens in most cases? Mother gets something she doesn't need—and smiles as happily as possible while she exclaims that it was just exactly what she wanted.

And a procession of more or less useless "gimcracks and doodads" mark the coming and going of Christmas!

Well—why not act really grown-up this year? After all, you must admit that the radio you've been listening to is on its way toward becoming an antique. And nobody is collecting antique radios yet! If you think that may be a fad in the future—put the old set in the attic and let your great-grandchildren boast about it to their generation.

But instead of passing around a lot of "here today—forgotten tomorrow" gifts this Christmas—why not give the home a real radio—a PHILCO!

Go down to the nearest PHILCO dealer—listen to one of the new Inclined Sounding Board models—or a Highboy or a Lowboy—or even one of the larger Baby Grands!

Once you've heard one of the new PHILCO models—nothing will do for your family except a REAL radio—a PHILCO!

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(Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year)

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—more selective—better tone than any auto radio that $49.95 ever bought before!

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PHILCO 18H . . . $89.50

A new and attractive PHILCO Highboy—which receives not only the entire broadcasting range—but both channels of police calls and many amateur stations and airplane calls.

Gives you the new and exclusive PHILCO Super "Class A" Audio System, Bass Compensating Tone Control, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, etc.—a PHILCO Highboy that sets a new high mark for quality reproduction at so low a price.

PHILCO 16L . . . $150

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A new and amazingly different Lowboy with concealed PHILCO Inclined Sounding Board. Includes the New Auditorium Speaker and the widened tonal range of the new PHILCO Balanced Power Super "Class A" Audio System. Designed for standard broadcasts and short-wave reception to 23 megacycles (23,000 kilocycles) taking in the very short-wave channels. Chassis same as the 16X.

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Blessed With 7 Babies in Half an Hour?

The Recently Reported Case of Septuplets in Guiana Arouses Interest in What Science Has Discovered About Human Multiple Births and "Siamese Twins"

The First Four Shown in This Photograph Are the Attractive Gale Sisters, the Well-Known California Quadruplets. The Artist Has Repeated the First Three Girls, Making a Total Composite Picture of Seven, Thus Giving a Visualization of What Septuplets Would Look Like.

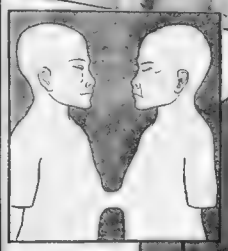

Diagram Showing How "Siamese Twins" Are Sometimes Joined Back to Back and Sometimes Face to Face

times in Front. The Diagram of the Shows the Famous Eng and Chang.

Mr. George L. Witty, Father of Quadruplets, Photographed as He Studies the Faces of Nature's Bountiful Gift.

The "Siamese Twins," Mary and Margaret Gibb, Dancing Would Seem to Be a Difficult Task, Not Only for the Twins but for Their Partners.

Ida, Iva and Eva Hanna, American Triplets, and Very Attractive, Wholesome, Healthy, Young Women.

Marie Keller, Who Was Born a "Siamese Twin." Her Sister Developed a Very Weak Heart and the Surgeons Cut the Little Girls Apart. Marie, Shown in the Picture Above, Successfully Survived the Operation.

THE recently reported birth of seven babies at once in Georgetown, British Guiana, has attracted wide interest. Senora Carola Perez is named as the happy mother of the little septuplets—seven sons and, according to the popular report, all living. It was further stated that the Government had been asked to make an appropriation to assist the family in this unexpected generosity of bountiful Nature.

There is no authenticated record in the United States of seven babies at one birth, although there are several accepted cases in medical annals of six and five at one birth which physicians have satisfactorily verified. There are also many instances of quadruplets.

The matter of multiple births is of intense interest to scientists, especially to students of heredity, and wide research is going on all over the world in this special branch of investigation. Many unsolved problems of biology will eventually be cleared up, it is hoped, by the study of multiple births.

Some interesting and important facts have been established in the matter of the birth of twins or larger numbers of children at one time. It has been found that the frequency of such births increases as the age of the mother increases and that the birth of twins is more likely when a woman is between thirty-five and forty years old. The likelihood is three or four times greater when women are this age than in women ten or fifteen years younger. But the age of the father seems to have no relation to the matter.

It is also recognized that heredity is an important factor. If a woman's mother and grandmother had twins, then she is likely to. Dr. Davenport, in the Journal of Heredity, gave a thoroughly authenticated case where a woman had twins by her first husband, twins and triplets by her second, and twins, triplets and quadruplets by the third—a very remarkable progressive record.

In olden times all sorts of fantastic explanations were put forward to account for multiple births and many alleged instances of sextuplets and septuplets were recorded. But modern scientists do not accept most of these reported instances and completely discard the fantastic explanations offered by learned men of bygone centuries.

In his interesting and instructive new book, "Life in the Making," by Dr. Alan Frank Guttmacher, published by The Viking Press, New York, several chapters are devoted to the subject. Dr. Guttmacher is Associate in Obstetrics at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, and one of the foremost authorities on the subject. "Life in the Making" is written in a readable, popular style well suited to the intelligent lay reader.

Dr. Guttmacher says that some modern scientists account for multiple births as a temporary relapse into conditions that are the rule in other animals. This explanation assumes that in the process of evolution woman passed through a stage in which she always had many young at a single birth. There are other facts which Dr. Guttmacher mentions which tend to confirm this. He points out the great importance of the study of twins as teaching scientists facts about heredity which will have practical value in the fields of education, psychology and medicine.

Passing on to famous cases of twins, Dr. Guttmacher relates the authentic story of the famous Eng and Chang, who were joined together with a connecting link of pliable tissue connecting their ribs. They came to the United States from Siam and thus the phrase, "Siamese Twins," originated which is now usually applied to all twins joined together. P. T. Barnum saw an opportunity to capitalize their peculiar misfortune as circus freaks and he made them rich and famous.

"After amassing a sizable fortune," Dr. Guttmacher writes, "the twins retired to Mount Airy, North Carolina, where they raised tobacco and children. Eng married Sally, by whom he had twelve children, and Chang married Adelaide, by whom he had ten. The wives were sisters, daughters of a Virginia clergyman, and their first children were born within three or four days of each other. At first the two brothers had a large plantation which they occupied jointly, living the lives of slave-holding Southern gentlemen. Chang and Eng had a specially constructed pew at the Baptist Church, and were much sought after socially by the landed gentry.

"They were particularly in demand at 'house raisings,' a social event that disappeared with the advent of the machine age. Because of their unique anatomical construction, coupled with their remarkable strength, they were particularly adept at grasping contiguous corners of a frame dwelling, and, with the aid of other gentlemen, lifting it from its foundations. In addition they were featured at county fairs and church festivals in their vicinity for their ability at 'tug of war,' in which it is said they could outpull six strong men.

"They were intelligent and well-informed, and good men of business. They adapted themselves remarkably to their enforced united existence and made a conscious effort to keep their lives as harmonious as possible. Realizing that games often lead to dissension, when they played chess, of which they were both very fond, they did not play with each other, but always with strangers. They rarely quarreled. Sir James Y. Simpson, accoucheur of queens and the discoverer of chloroform, examined the twins when they were in England in 1869 and delivered a lecture upon them to his medical students at Edinburgh, in which he said:

"They are completely harmonious in mind and temperament. When spoken to, they are always accustomed to listen together to the same conversation, one or the other giving any required answer or observation; but when tested, each can carry on a separate conversation. They are perfect English speakers, and scholars as well. When reading history or poetry, of which both are fond, one usually reads aloud and the other listens. They sleep and wake separately . . . Their feelings of hunger and thirst, and the calls of nature upon them, are generally responded to simultaneously, but not always so, or necessarily so. Their minds are indeed more dual than their bodies, for the latter are united while the former are not.'"

Things were apparently quite idyllic in the household until the wives began to quarrel; and finally the families were forced to take up separate abodes about a mile and a half apart. The husbands arranged to spend three days in one home, then three days in the home of the other. The one whose home they occupied was complete master over their joint destiny during the three-day period. In Chang's home, Eng could only remonstrate or make suggestions. Thus Chang frequently became intoxicated against Eng's will, much to the latter's inconvenience.

"The Civil War destroyed their property." Dr. Guttmacher continues, "and when they were nearly fifty-five the Siamese twins had to take to the road again. In 1872, at the age of sixty-one, while on a sea voyage from Liverpool to New York, Chang had a paralytic stroke which so incapacitated him that his healthy brother had to halfdrag the paralyzed victim about for the rest of their lives. Fortunately, by this time the twins had again amassed enough wealth to allow them to go into retirement once more.

"On Monday evening, January 12, 1874, while they were at Chang's home, Chang became ill with bronchitis. By Thursday, when the time had come for them to make their customary change of abode, Chang had improved so much that despite his brother's remonstrance he insisted upon carrying out their inviolable agreement. They drove in a specially constructed open carriage through the raw North Carolina winter to Eng's home. On the next day, Chang complained of a full feeling in his chest and said he could not breathe while lying down. That night they made a large wood fire and sat before it conversing for three hours or more. Finally they went to bed and both slept.

"At daybreak, Eng called one of his sons who slept in the room above, and asked him to wake Chang. The boy shook his uncle, but there was no response; terrified he called out, 'Uncle Chang is dead.' Eng sighed and said in a resigned fashion, 'Then I am going also.' Soon Eng complained of a feeling of suffocation and desired to be propped up in bed. He became weaker and weaker, and, little more than two hours after he discovered his brother's death, he died. His senses remained perfectly clear until the end, and his last words were, 'May God have mercy on my soul.' It is lamentable that a surgeon was not available immediately after Chang's death, because in emergency operation would probably have saved Eng.

"The examination of the bodies indicated that Chang died from a brain hemorrhage, and in the absence of any demonstrable cause in the case of Eng, his death was attributed to 'fright.' The band which united them was found to be a simple structure, composed mainly of muscle, and a thin bridge of liver tissue. In these days of modern surgical science it would be relatively simple to separate conjoined twins so united, and I rather believe that even in their day an operation would have been successful."

It is not uncommon to find a pair of twins in almost any community. Triplets are much less common and of course quadruplets are rare.

In view of the fact that beauty of face and figure is not a common quality of women, it is rather remarkable that so many of the young women triplets and quadruplets are notably pretty. The photographs of the four Gale sisters shown on this page are well above the average of feminine attractiveness. If there had been seven sisters instead of four at birth, they would have made a striking group. The artist has undertaken to give an idea of what septuplets would look like by repeating the first three girls and thus presenting a group of seven.

According to Dr. Guttmacher, when more than four children are born at one time, none of them ever survive. He considers the reported cases of surviving quintuplets, sextuplets and septuplets as gossip and folk-lore, which careful scientific scrutiny will never corroborate.

The Hanna triplets are also an attractive set of young American women who are above the average of attractiveness. And the "Siamese Twins," Mary and Margaret Gibb, are not an unattractive looking pair. In the photograph shown on this page, these joined-together sisters are dancing with partners—a rather difficult task not only for the twins but for their partners.

The problem as to whether "Siamese Twins" may be safely cut apart depends on just how Nature has joined them together. In some cases it would be almost certainly fatal to each twin to undertake to separate them. But in other instances such an operation presents no difficult problem of surgery.

Dr. Guttmacher makes some interesting statements as to twins from his own personal knowledge, because he himself is an identical twin.

"All my life my brother and I have had experiences," he states, "sometimes amusing, sometimes embarrassing, which testify to this likelihood for confusion. People are constantly mistaking us for each other—and, in fact, on rare occasions we ourselves are not sure which is which. As recently as a year ago, my brother and I were vacationing at a small country hotel. As we were changing into swimming clothes, I asked my brother if he thought the river would be infested with sea-nettles. I was startled by complete silence, startled because my brother was standing directly before me and still he made no answer. At length, considerably irritated, I shouted: 'Are you deaf?' To my surprise a familiar voice came from a room across the hall. 'No, what's the excitement?' I had been addressing my own form reflected in the mirror.

"There is a whole literature of twin anecdotes, some of the best known of which were recorded by Galton in his early studies. My own experience has been different than that revealed in one of his stories, in which a pair of twins reported: 'We were extremely alike, and are so at this moment, so much so that our children up to five and six years old did not know us apart.' In our case, however, our children have always differentiated us from the very first, never mistaking their uncle for their father. Perhaps my brother and I are less alike than Galton's twins—or perhaps our children are brighter.

"Galton also wrote: 'It would be an interesting experiment for twins who were closely alike to try how far dogs could distinguish them by scent.' We have never carried out this experiment exactly, but none of the several dogs my brother and I have owned in our separate homes has ever shown any difficulty in distinguishing us. It is not, however, the same for cats, as our Persian cats seem occasionally to confuse us."

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Unblushing Confessions of a Versatile Rascal

Netley Lucas, a Born Criminal, After Years of Activity in the Underworld and in the Jails of Many Cities and Countries, Suddenly Takes a New Name, Manages to Gain the Confidence of Queens, Princesses and Distinguished Personages, Goes to Prison Again—And Now Reveals How He Did It All

Her Royal Highness Princess Mary, Daughter of the King of England, Who Assisted Lucas to Write Her Royal Biography

By Netley Lucas

CHAPTER IV.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

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I HAVE briefly sketched, in the preceding chapters, a few of my many, many experiences as a member of the underworld operating in almost every line of criminal activity and on both sides of the Atlantic. And now my life suddenly changed

At one period in my career, as I have already explained, I became a journalist and contributed to many of the London newspapers and magazines. I had now become notorious as Netley Lucas, all-around criminal, and I found no difficulty in selling articles signed with my own name as an expert on crime. The success of my contributions encouraged me to write two books on crooks and the underworld, and I found myself enjoying a very comfortable income from an honest field of endeavor

If there was opportunity for me as a writer in London, perhaps there was an even greater opportunity for me in the United States. So my companion, Dick, a crook and jailbird like myself, bought steamship tickets for New York. I arranged for the publication of my books with a New York publishing firm

Several days after my arrival my publishers asked me to meet the woman who was the head of their publicity department

I found her as charming as she was efficient, and invited her to lunch with me. Although the outcome of this tete-a-tete meal was not what I had hoped, yet the result was an idea which had a dramatic sequel in the near future. My guest told me that she was handling some material by a woman whom I had long wished to meet, "Chicago May" Churchill, who, besides being the most notorious woman crook in America, had once served five years in an English prison. It was "Chicago May" who arranged the escape of "Eddie" Guerin from the French penal settlement on Devil's Island Few women have achieved such notoriety as the amazing person

As a child she emigrated with her parents from Ireland to Nebraska, where she grew up to be a lovely young girl. But, like myself, May Vivienne Churchill longed for adventure and excitement, so in true motion-picture style she ran away from home at eighteen and went to New York, where her great beauty secured her a job in the chorus of The Belle of New York. Unfortunately for her, the peculiar proneness to crime which has been responsible for both our careers was inherent in her

From the chorus she gravitated into the underworld, and became known as one of the most alluring and dangerous of those women who live by playing on the credulity and infatuation of their lovers. When these men missed valuable bank rolls from their pockets, they were apt to grow angry and call the police. But nothing could be proved against May. She never committed the thefts herself, but worked with a confederate who hid in the apartment she occupied and robbed her victims at the appropriate moment. This was known as the "panel game."

Eventually she married the son of a millionaire, but when he discovered her mode of life he quickly got a divorce from her. It was then that she became known as "Chicago May," and won for herself at the detective bureau in New York the reputation of being one of the most dangerous women in the United States—the accomplice of blackmailers and the most feared girl on Broadway. In her heyday she took hundreds of thousands of dollars from the pockets of the gilded youth on the "Great White Way" who fell for her auburn hair and blue-eyed beauty. They soon discovered to their cost that her loveliness was but an outward shell masking a nature unscrupulous and pitiless to the last degree. Having made New York too hot to hold her, she eventually came to Europe in company with "Eddie" Guerin, a notorious bank robber, and in his company and that of another gangster named "Dutch" Gus, she assisted in the robbery of the American Express Company's office in Paris of $50,000. Two of the gang were subsequently arrested, and Guerin was sent to Devil's Island for life

Netley Lucas and the Notorious "Chicago May," Known in the Police as "the Worst Woman in the World."

His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Whose "Life" Lucas Wrote With the Duke's Assistance and Approval

How "Chicago May" arranged the escape of her lover from this penal settlement and smuggled him first to America and afterwards to England is a striking example of loyalty in the underworld. Guerin was arrested in England at the request of the French Government, who sought to extradite him as an escaped convict. "Eddie" fought the case, however, and by proving his birth in Ireland he showed himself to be a British subject, won his freedom again, and became a free man in England

But Guerin, having found someone for whom he cared more, refused to have anything further to do with "Chicago May." She, very much the "woman scorned," decided to take vengeance on the man who sought to cast her off, and induced a new lover of hers, a notorious gunman from Chicago, and at that time in London, to waylay Guerin and shoot him. The wound, however, turned out not to be serious.

"Chicago May," I am informed, was living in Philadelphia, and I took the train over to that city the next morning and found "the world's worst woman" in bed. We had an interesting chat, but I was shocked to find this famous criminal now well past fifty years of age and very much wrinkled and broken

Several days after my first meeting with "Chicago May" an amazing proposal was made to me. A book of mine dealing with women as criminals had very recently been published, and "Chicago May's" autobiography was just about to appear in book form. It was now suggested that May and I should become engaged to be married as a publicity "stunt." At first I protested, but after a talk with May about it and hearing that she was quite keen to play her part, I gave way and told the devotees of publicity to go ahead with the idea. I little realized the power of the American press, or the extent to which May Churchill and I would be placarded all over the world, and I most certainly never foresaw the denouement.

The day after the newspaper announcement of my engagement to "Chicago May" an officer of the Immigration Department at Ellis Island called on me and asked to see my passport. He examined it and announced that I had better get out of New York and go to Canada or Mexico as quickly as possible, or I would be put under arrest. A Cunard ship was sailing at midnight, and I booked a passage on her alone, for Dick decided to stay in America for the time being. And it was during this voyage back to England that a chance remark I happened to overhear in a conversation in the smoking room between a well-known American publisher and the editor of a New York magazine completely changed my habits of life and scheme of existence

The publisher, it appeared, was making a special trip to Europe to attempt to persuade King Albert of Belgium to write his war memoirs, and he was empowered to offer almost any sum the King cared to name for the world rights to such a work

Lord Beaverbrook, the famous British editor, was also on board and a member of the party at the smoking room table, and he made the remark:

"As a ruling monarch, he won't be able to write," said Beaverbrook, "not while he is on the throne anyway. But what might be done is for someone to write the book for him, as a biography in collaboration with the King."

This at once gave me an idea. I recalled a biography of royalty that had just been published as the "Life of the Duchess of York," which

Lucas, Under the Assumed Name of Evelyn Graham, and Now Prosperous as the Biographer and Intimate Friend of Royalty, Indulges in the Luxury of an Automobile.

Lady Cynthia Asquith had written, with the permission of Her Royal Highness

Why should not I, Netley Lucas, act as King Albert of Belgium's amanuensis? The thought was a daring one, but not impracticable

I revolved the idea in my mind and it assumed definite shape. I took an office in Piccadilly and changed my name to Evelyn Graham. I set about making inquiries and learned that Princess Mary, then Viscountess Lascelles, would be a very acceptable subject of a biography for the publishers who had just brought out Lady Cynthia Asquith's "Life of the Duchess of York." This seemed quicker and easier than to go after the King of Belgium.

Acting on this information, I at once wrote a tactful letter to Her Royal Highness, asking for permission to write the story of her life and to be allowed to submit my manuscript to her when it was complete This I signed "Evelyn Graham."

Mary Asquith

Her Majesty Queen Victoria Eugenie of Spain, Who Welcomed the Notorious Crook at the Royal Palace in Madrid, and in a Long, Friendly, Intimate Chat Asserted Him With Anecdotes and Personal Photographs in Preparing Her Biography.

To my secret joy and astonishment I received a very polite letter from Miss Sybil Kenyon-Slaney, Princess Mary's lady-in-waiting, giving me the necessary permission, and instructing me to send along my manuscript to be read when it was ready.

Since it was essential that the crook, Netley Lucas, should not be identified with "Evelyn Graham," the biographer of royalty, I decided to employ a literary agent to act for me as my liaison officer with the editors and publishers to whom I hoped to sell my new wares. I had heard some time previously of Raymond Savage, the agent, who was gathering a set of brilliant young authors around him. I communicated with this literary agent therefore, and told him that I had been authorized by Princess Mary to write her life story, and that I would like him to act as my man of business in this connection. Needless to say I did not reveal my true identity.

That I was to have the best of sponsors in my reincarnation in Fleet Street in a new guise is due entirely to the good offices of Raymond Savage, my agent. One day he sent me into transports of delight by telephoning me the good news that the serial rights of my "Life of Princess Mary" was to run in instalments through the pages of the biggest selling of our London newspapers, the Daily Mail, and that they had agreed to pay me the large fee of $3,000 for the rights in question. This was the first really big sum that I had earned by my pen, and I began to feel that in my new "racket" I had indeed struck a gold mine. I was certain of this when my "live wire" of an agent presented me with a contract with a publisher for my Princess Mary biography, which provided that I should be paid $2,500 in advance royalties when the manuscript was ready for publication.

In six weeks the book was finished and ready to go to Princess Mary's lady-in-waiting to be passed for press. When I received it back I knew that it had also been read by Her Royal Highness herself, for there were corrections and remarks on this typewritten duplicate story of Princess Mary's life story by Evelyn Graham. I realized at once that the publicity through this great newspaper event that as a writer I was made. This was the very first occasion upon which the name of Evelyn Graham had appeared in print, and the fact that this was accompanied personally by most widely read of newspapers and, from a Fleet Street point of view, the best paying journal, was an astonishing achievement

With the check from the Daily Mail I bought my first car, and, sitting at the wheel of it, I felt myself very much the important author! It has been said of me time and time again that all the books which appeared under the name of Evelyn Graham were absolutely unauthorized by the subjects themselves. I wish to state emphatically, and I can give conclusive proof that in every case, the manuscript was submitted to, read, and passed for press by those concerned. Had this not been the case, is it not plain that the subjects themselves could have squashed publication by applying for injunctions in the High Court? Any lawyer will bear me out in this. All my books were fully authorized and in every case the publishers and newspapers concerned got full value for their money.

That I did not reveal my real identity I freely admit, but was it a very great crime to try to live down my criminal past by adopting a nom de plume, the Christian name of which was my own? That I pulled the legs of a great number of people, including both royal and distinguished personages, I readily admit, but in the end I spent a year and a quarter in jail in expiation. At any rate, I solemnly declare that there was no malice aforethought and no direct intention to hoax anybody I was bound to keep my past life a secret, because if it had been known I should never have had the opportunities which came my way as Evelyn Graham To the fact that I eventually misused those opportunities I plead guilty, but I paid in full in prison

Following the publication of my life story of the Princess Mary in the Daily Mail I found myself well planted on the road to literary fame Not only did the story appear in an English newspaper, but Canadian and Australian journals made me offers to use the story as a serial for good sums of money. That my first big story should appear as a serial in a Canadian newspaper was amusing, considering the many strange adventures I had experienced in that Dominion as a crook

Interest in Evelyn Graham reached its height at this time. "Who is Evelyn Graham?" every one in the Street of Adventure was asking "Where has he come from? What is he like? Does he really exist?" Because of my Christian name many people thought me to be a woman, and letters often reached me addressed to Mrs. or Miss and sometimes "Lady" Evelyn Graham There is, of course, a real Lady Evelyn Graham, and I should like here to apologize for any inconvenience I may have caused her by displeasing her name. My action was not intentional, and frankly I was not cognizant of her existence until it was too late. Wild and wooly rumors flew round at this time about me. Some said I was the illegitimate son of a royal personage, others that my father was a Cabinet Minister.

I want to stress the difficulties which I had to face in my dual nature. I was living as Evelyn Graham at this time in a flat in Sackville Street. All day and every day I lived in fear of exposure as Netley Lucas, or if not exactly in fear then in danger of being found out. There was always the risk that I might be in a restaurant or a bar with some one who knew me as Evelyn Graham and suddenly be confronted by an old friend hailing me as Netley Lucas, or vice versa. That for three whole years I was able to avoid situations of this kind is either a tribute to my powers of organization or the good fortune which attended me

My life of Princess Mary brought me in altogether about $6,000 in actual cash. I am afraid, as has always been the case, I squandered it on wine, women and vice

Having apparently shaken off the stigma of the criminal underworld when I shed the notorious name of Netley Lucas and began my masquerade as the respectable Evelyn Graham, I found myself a considerable personage My success with the Princess Mary book encouraged me to aim higher. I determined to write the biography of Her Majesty the Queen of Spain. And it was with mixed feelings that one morning at breakfast I received a command to proceed to the Royal Palace in Madrid for an audience with Her Majesty. I had some weeks previously addressed a letter to her, soliciting the honor of being permitted to write her life story, but I did not imagine that she would so readily and graciously grant my request.

Within a week of my first letter, I had received a letter of authorization from Senor Torres, her private secretary, headed: "Royal Palace of Madrid."

The letter acknowledged mine and then went on to say

"I hasten to reply to your letter of the fifth instant to let you know that Her Majesty the Queen has no objection to your writing her biography, and therefore you may go soon as you propose send a copy of your work for Her Majesty's approval."

I worked hard at the book for some time and later in the year I received the letter asking me to proceed to Madrid and call on the Queen at the Royal Palace in order that she might herself assist me with the book

Carefully packing my manuscript, I took train for Spain and reported myself at the British Embassy, as I had been told to do by the Foreign Office in London The British Embassy got in communication with the Palace officials and in due time a poste gentleman from the palace called on me and handed me a letter, from Marquis de Bendana, the Queen's chamberlain, notifying me that an audience with Her Majesty the Queen had been fixed for 12-15 o'clock the following day

Precisely at noon next day a limousine called for me, and in the glory of a morning coat and silk hat I arrived at the Royal Palace for a meeting which will always remain in my memory as the most piquant hour of my life.

As I drove up in the royal car, the guard outside the Palace presented arms, to which salute I replied by raising my hat. As my car pulled up in front of the Palace door another one was just arriving, and as I descended I noticed that it was occupied by a white-haired old lady. My car was right abreast of the doorway, and as the elderly woman seemed to be in a hurry, I rushed forward and opened the door for her. Afterwards I addressed the sentry outside the main door, exhibiting at the same time the letter I had received from the Marquis de Bendana.

"I am the Marquis de Bendana," he replied, "and I will take you to the Queen."
Netley Lucas, Crook, Who Masqueraded as "Evelyn Graham, Biographer and Friend of Royalty," Followed the Queen's Lord Great Chamberlain Through an Ante-Room of the Palace, and, Threading His Way Through Her Majesty's Ladies-in-Waiting, Arrived at a Door at the Far End of the Room. The Marquis Tapped Lightly and Was Bidden to Enter.
"Mr. Evelyn Graham, Your Majesty," Announced the Lord Chamberlain, and Stood Aside for Lucas to Enter. Lucas Quickly Discovered That This Was the Queen's Own Boudoir, and, Standing in the Middle of the Room, the Fleet Lady in Spain, Her Majesty Queen Victoria Eugenie, Welcomed Him With a Smile and Motioned Him to a Seat Beside Her

Lord Justice Darling, One of the Most Severe Criminal Judges in England, Who Received Lucas in His Private Study, Went Over His Scrapbooks and Assisted Him in Preparing the Judge's Biography, Never Suspecting That His Visitor Was a Jailbird Well Known to the Police This Was Perhaps the Most Daring Piece of Effrontery Netley Lucas Ever Attempted

Immediately the door was opened, and I entered close on the heels of the old lady As I was relieved of my hat and stick by an official in white silk knee-breeches and covered with decorations, he said something to me in Spanish. Now, at that time, my vocabulary in Spanish was limited to about a dozen words, and all I could do was to explain my inability to speak the language of the country. Seeing me in difficulties, however, the old lady who was about to mount the imposing staircase, crossed over to us, and smiling said

"You are English, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied, "and I am afraid that I cannot understand what this gentleman is saying to me"

At once the old lady spoke to the official in Spanish, and then turning once more to me said:

"He wants to know who it is you wish to see?"

"I am to have an audience with Her Majesty," I replied. Again the old lady translated and then, smiling, walked away. It was only some days later that I discovered that this gracious person was none other than the King's mother, the Dowager Queen Having overcome what I hoped would be my last difficulty, I noticed that the official was motioning me to follow him Obediently I followed him along several passages which led us eventually into a large ante-room, where I was handed over to another official even more covered with decorations than the first. He asked me to sit down, and left me Now began the most nervous minutes of my life for seven or eight moments some official or officer would enter the room, apologize, and then depart. Apparently there was some curiosity in the Palace as to the "young English journalist" who was to be honored by writing the intimate life-history of the Queen of Spain

Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. My savoir faire was gradually deserting me and I was going alternately hot and cold Then a painful attack of pins and needles added to my misery. When I had waited nearly half an hour the door opened, and a dapper little man, dressed in black and with a rosette of some order in his button-hole, appeared and walked towards me

"Mr. Graham?" he queried

I bowed

"I am the Marquis de Bendana," he replied, "and I will now take you to the Queen."

Clutching the dispatch case which contained the first draft of my book, I followed the Queen's Lord Great Chamberlain through another antechamber where Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting were sitting reading, writing letters, and using the telephone. Threading his way among these ladies, the Marquis tapped lightly on a door at the far end and was bidden to enter

"Mr. Evelyn Graham, Your Majesty," announced the Lord Chamberlain, and stood aside for me to enter

I quickly discovered that this was the Queen's own boudoir, and standing in the middle of the room was the first lady in Spain, Her Majesty Queen Victoria Eugenie.

Let me picture her as I saw the Queen that

Continued on Page 20

The New "Separate" Dresses

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May Be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.

Model by Lucile Paray of Striped Black and Gold Lame, Rather Reminiscent of a Wasp. Slim and Simple Silhouette, With the Skirt Showing All Its Fullness In the Front Instead of In the Back. Plaits Are Very Flat. The Belt of the Material Is Tied In a Bow In Front. The Neckline Is Interesting, With the Tip of the Shoulder Left Bare, and the Drape Below Making a Short Sleeve

Another Lucile Paray Model; Black Chiffon Velvet. The Skirt Is In Triple Tiers. The Sleeves Repeat the Tier Idea, and Stop Above the Elbow In One Place, and Below It In the Other. In the Front, Instead of An Ordinary Bow, Is a Knot of the Material Fringed with Black Aigrettes. For America, Some Imitation Feathers Would Have To Be Used.

Model from Augustabernard of Ordinary Brown Marocain, With a Novel Opening Up the Back Instead of Up the Front, New This Year. There Is Also the Wide Belt, Perfectly Plain In Front, and Decorated With Double Bows In the Back. Note Also That There Is Very Slight Shoulder Widening, In the New Modified Way.

Model from Bruyere. In Wool Jersey. The Skirt Is Very Plain, with Just a Touch of Fullness at the Hem. The Bodice Is As Tightly Fitted as a Sailor's Jersey, and Has Plain Sleeves. Around the Top of the Bodice Is a Yoke Collar Made of Leather Embroidery Narrow Bands of Appliqued Leather Are Alternated with Leather Cross Stitching. The High Collar Is Edged with White Crepe de Chine, with a Little Bow In the Back. There Are Cuffs of the Same. The Hat Has a Moderately Pointed Crown and a Turn-Up Brim, and Is Made of Navy Felt Embroidered On the Top with Leather, with a Leather Button in the Centre.

PARIS, Nov. 23.

THE separate dress is quite important this Winter. I remember the time when the Paris collections contained almost nothing but ensembles, coats and gowns made to be worn together. But modern economy has dictated a change. Most women now have one good Winter coat, under which they can wear a variety of frocks, very simple or more elaborate, according to occasion.

Separate dresses, this year, are interesting either for their material, or for their cut. The whole trend of the present fashion is towards richer, heavier materials. When one of these costly materials is used in a separate gown, it is always handled very simply, the handsome material being enough to make it effective without trimming. When a more conventional material is used, we may find some of the novel features of the mode, the so-called "back interest," or elaborate cutting, or even a trimming note. There are examples of both types on this page, illustrating most of the new points in this type of dress.

Take the handsome materials first. Look at the gown from Lucile Paray. She had used a rich lame for it, striped in alternate bands of gold lame and rich black satin. As the material is so splendid, the cut is very simple. Lucile Paray, contrary to most of the other designers, likes to concentrate interest in the front of her skirts. She has done it here in flat plaits down the centre, while the back is perfectly plain. Notice the interesting neckline, and the short sleeves made of folded bands. Many of the models intended for Winter wear still retain their short sleeves.

The second model from Lucile Paray, shows the other tendency in separate frocks—conventional material, with rather elaborate cutting, and a new trimming note. Here she has used black chiffon velvet. The number of velvet dresses in the Winter mode is legion. As the fabric is plain, she has given the model an important skirt, in three tiers, and a new sleeve; of the cape variety but cut up over the elbow in a novel way. The most interesting thing about the frock is the bow in front, made of a knot of velvet, bordered with black osprey! In America, of course, an imitation will have to be substituted. We have seen feathers on evening frocks for some time; but it is new to apply them to an afternoon gown.

The model from Augustabernard is an example of plain material handled in an interesting way. The fabric is brown marocain. The gown has that "back interest" which is such a feature of the present mode. Notice the folded belt with its two double bows in the back, and the fact that the bodice fastens in the back instead of in the front. There is a small turn-over collar, which is high to the throat in front. Most of the new gowns are high to the neck. The sleeve is set in with a bit of extension on the shoulder. Augustabernard still widens her shoulders slightly but in a much more modified way. She likes to push all the width there is towards the back.

From Bruyere, comes the model in rather heavy navy blue wool jersey. Many collections contain simple frocks in very heavy woolens, the sort of material that we should use only for coats in America. They are really too warm for our well-heated houses. However, wool jersey is a favorite material with us. Notice the extreme simplicity and straightness of this gown. About the neck there is a novel touch of trimming. Bruyere has always favored some sorts of embroidery. Here she alternates narrow bands of blue leather with rows of cross stitch in narrow leather fillets. The little collar is made of folds of white crepe de Chine, with a tiny bow in the back, and there are white cuffs under the plain sleeves.

This Summer there was a perfect rage for what we call "lingerie touches." Rare was the dark frock which did not have some pique, linen, crash or organdie about it. It was perhaps overdone. At any rate, the designers are replacing lingerie touches, with collars, cuffs, or bows, of other fabrics. They chose crepe, stiff white satin, ottoman, moire, white velvet, or white fur instead this Winter. Some even employ white and silver or white and gold lame, the metal threads mingled with the silk ones without any pattern.

No basque frocks are shown on this page, because basques are more apt to be applied to suits, or to evening dresses, than to separate dresses. However, they are found here and there. Sometimes the belt is finished with a row of flat plaiting running round the hips. Augustabernard shows one gown in heavy black satin which has a basque of jet embroidery round the hips, slit in the back. Bows are sometimes placed on the hips on each side; or curved pieces of the material are placed in this way. Of course, when the hips are accentuated, the shoulders are left perfectly normal. Otherwise, they may be slightly accented, but far less importantly than they were in the Spring.

Only Schiaparelli and Marcel Rochas widen their shoulders importantly this Winter. Schiaparelli does it in padded, rounded shoulders. Marcel Rochas in all sorts of ways—square boxed shoulders, cornucopias set up and down the top of the sleeve, or "four leaf clovers" made of the material of the suit or coat, set solidly on the shoulder.

If there are fewer artificially widened shoulders, there are still many full sleeves. But the bishop type is more important than the leg of mutton variety. It is used extensively in coats, to some extent in dresses (especially by Vionnet), and immensely in the new three-quarter suits, which have straight instead of flared coats, and big bishop sleeves, frequently made of flat fur, when there is no other fur on the garment. Under these jackets we find the new velvet blouses, or tunic blouses, made of all kinds of materials. The latter is a very sensible fashion, for one may have one suit, of soft finished woolen or velvet, and wear with it a variety of tunics, in plain materials for the morning, in velvets or satin for afternoon, and even in lame for informal evening.

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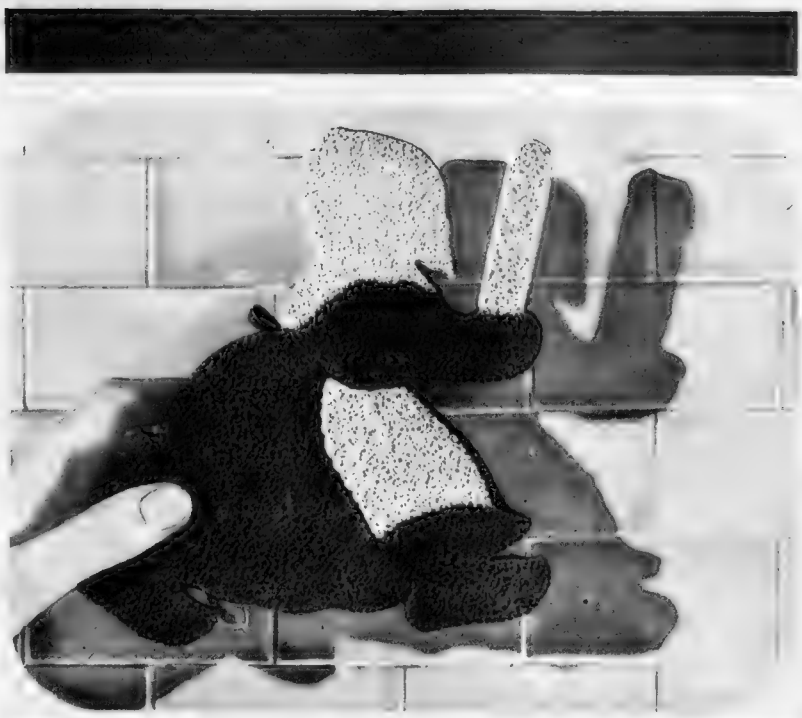

IS THE HANDY SPONGE WE SEND TO USERS OF DUTCH CLEANSER

Old Dutch Cleanser

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, of course, needs no help of any kind to do a better job of cleaning. Whatever way you apply it, with sponge or cloth, Old Dutch does more square yards of cleaning. Unlike the grinding, abrasive action of gritty cleansers, it cleans without scratching the surface and removes dirt with a quick, smooth sweep.

Ordinary cleansers contain chunky, gritty particles like this . You can see that they are wasteful, that they touch the surface only with their sharp, hard points which scratch and make hiding places for more dirt.

Old Dutch Cleanser is entirely different because it is made with pure "seismotite." Its flaky, flat-shaped particles cover more surface and do not scratch. That's why Old Dutch cleans quickly with a smooth sweep that insures healthful cleanliness by removing invisible impurities as well as visible dirt.

You will find Old Dutch is perfect for cleaning any surface on which water may be used. It's kind to the hands, doesn't clog drains, is odorless and removes odors. There is no substitute for the quality and economy of Old Dutch.

The Old Dutch rubber cleaning sponge is an attractive bathroom accessory—it does away with the unsightly cleaning cloth. Makes a charming Christmas gift for Mother or the children. To get it, clip the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label and send it to us as per instructions in the coupon below.

cleans quicker

cleans more things

costs less to use

brings healthful cleanliness

Guard Scratch

Mail this

Mail this coupon together with 10c and the windmill panel from an Old Dutch label and we will send you promptly the Old Dutch rubber sponge. Write name and address plainly.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER,
Dept. D51, 221 North La Salle Street, Chicago, Illinois

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

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Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

The Gripping Story of a Girl Who Found Love, but Only at the Price of Her Romantic Ideals

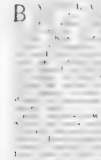
Dolly Used Every Possible Occasion, It Seemed, in a Rather Open Attempt to Vamp Quentin.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

B[illegible]

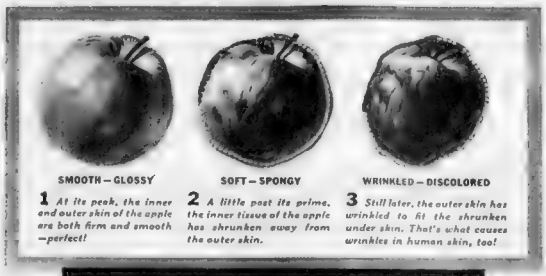
CHAPTER XXIV.

Kay Is Furious.



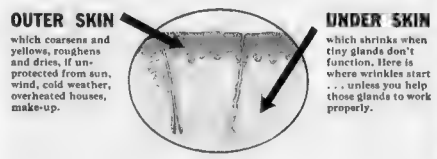
"HE[illegible] Kay [illegible] She [illegible] with Quen[illegible] evening? In the still privacy of her room she admitted it as jeal[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

What Ages Skin? THE FIRM ROUND APPLE TELLS YOU


SMOOTH—GLOSSY
1 At its peak, the inner and outer skin of the apple are both firm and smooth—perfect!
SOFT—SPONGY
2 A little past its prime, the inner tissue of the apple has shrunken away from the outer skin.
WRINKLED—DISCOLORED
3 Still later, the outer skin has wrinkled to fit the shrunken under skin. That's what causes wrinkles in human skin, too!

Your Skin consists of *Two Skins.* When your Under Skin Shrinks and Loses Tone, Your Outer Skin Forms *Lines* and *Wrinkles*, Loses its Clear, Fresh Coloring

The Apple grows *Wrinkled* and *Discolored* when its Inner Tissues Soften and Shrink


OUTER SKIN
which coarsens and yellows, roughens and dries, if unprotected from sun, wind, cold weather, overheated houses, make-up.
UNDER SKIN
which shrinks when tiny glands don't function. Here is where wrinkles start . . . unless you help those glands to work properly.

Learn How to Give Each Skin the Different Care it Needs

DO you want to keep the surest charm a woman can have? That clear, fresh look of firm, *young* skin?

The secret lies in your two skins!

You have two skins—an under and an outer skin. Each has an entirely different purpose and entirely different structure. And each needs *an entirely different care*—if you are to keep both of them young and lovely.

This is how your *under skin* functions—

In the under skin are tiny glands that pour out beauty oils. When these glands fail, the under skin grows flabby—shrinks. The outer skin falls into lines and wrinkles—discolorations come—the way an apple gets wrinkled and discolored!

Use an Oil Cream for the Under Skin

To *prevent* lines—use an oil cream that penetrates deep where the tiny glands are failing. Pond's delicious Cold Cream does this—brings the under skin just the precious oils it craves. Use this cream for deep cleansing and toning. Your skin feels fresher, firmer—instantly! Little lines smooth out—as if by magic!

Because this delicate silky cream sinks so deep, it makes the most marvelous cleanser in the world—floats every trace of dirt and make-up to the surface—leaves your skin feeling deliciously clean and cool.

Greaseless Cream for the Outer Skin

Your *outer* skin is entirely different! This skin contains active moisture cells placed there to counteract dryness. But sun, wind, cold, the heat of modern houses are constantly whipping this natural moisture out of your skin! It becomes dry, chapped—the pores quickly grow coarse.

To keep your outer skin from growing rough and dry, use Pond's delicate Vanishing Cream. Light, greaseless, this famous cream contains a remarkable substance that checks loss of skin moisture—actually restores moisture. That is why women find this cream so marvelous for chapped skin. It smooths roughnesses away *in one application*—and keeps the outer skin soft, clear and fine textured.

Moreover, Pond's Vanishing Cream makes a most effective powder base. It is so very light and filmy your rouge and powder go on most naturally—and really *stay!*

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1 Every night, cleanse and tone the under skin with Pond's delicious Cold Cream. It goes deep and removes every trace of dirt. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues. Repeat, patting vigorously. Your skin is glowing!

2 Then smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream to counteract dryness of the outer skin, to heal and soothe. Your skin feels silky, is fragrant, pearly looking.

3 In the morning—and during the day as needed—another Cold Cream cleansing. Your skin, beautifully firm and smooth, is ready for make-up. Now the Vanishing Cream for foundation. Powder and rouge go on smoothly, cling like velvet. How lovely you look!

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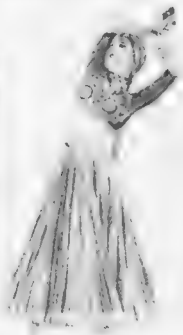
Society Beauty, keeps her Exquisite Blonde Skin always Free from Lines and Roughness. She uses Pond's Cold Cream for her Under Skin and Pond's Vanishing Cream for her Outer Skin.



MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE
née Francesca Braggiotti Society Girl, and Distinguished Dancer keeps her Blonde Skin's Delicate Loveliness with Pond's Two Creams. "I never Neglect my Pond's Routine," she says.

MRS. REGINALD VANDERBILT
Famed for her Serene Brunette Beauty says, "Pond's Cold Cream removes dirt thoroughly, keeps lines away. The Vanishing Cream smooths away roughnesses."

MRS. ALLAN A. RYAN, JR.,
another Fascinating Type of Blonde Beauty, Amber Eyed, and Marvelously Fair of Skin, uses Pond's Cold Cream "Three Times a Day." The Vanishing Cream "whenever I need to look specially nice." She says, "Pond's Products are Wonderful to Keep your Skin at its Loveliest."

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THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Cash Christine By Bart Cox

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

[illegible]

CHAPTER XXI (Continued).
Success

N the longboat Treherne and Lambert were pulling to the San Juan, where Chris[illegible] and the returning boys awaited them. Treherne waved triumphant arms.

"Great!" he said to Lambert. "You think she doesn't care whether we pearl or not. Just to show you're wrong. That girl's a man, [illegible]"

[illegible]

Down Came the Edge on the Glass Face of the Helmet. Again—and Again—and Again—Till the Thing Was Cracked and Splintered.

[illegible] of diamonds buried behind [illegible] as long as desire was [illegible]

[illegible] and a night and a [illegible] Hicks eyes [illegible] determined, and the whites [illegible] blood-hot. When the longboat reached the San Juan he [illegible] dizzily on board and stood swaying on the deck, while Christine came to him [illegible] He could not speak [illegible]

"S there," he said, foolishly, solemnly. "S there, Christine [illegible] Want lot of getting [illegible] But Constantine's [illegible] right. Perfectly all right. Everything quit' all r[illegible]."

He looked away, resting his head for a moment on the companion hatch. Then Lambert and [illegible] heard him stumbling down the deep stairway. There came the sound of a slamming door and a faint exclamation. Then silence.

"What?" said Christine. "So you've been successful?"

"We've hit the wreck all right."

"You don't seem very glad."

"Glad?" he echoed, fiercely. "Glad—when it means he'll send me down tomorrow?"

"Diving!"

"Yes. Diving. I—I looked through the titea mata today. The water was so green, like emeralds. I saw a shark. It slid by the wreck. Christine, the boys and I are going to take our liveson our hands tomorrow. And for him and his treasure! That's all he cares about. Do you hear? I'm to risk my life just for this! I don't want the stuff. I don't [illegible] two curses about it."

He paused, hot and trembling. His face was towards the setting sun, and the last rays shone into his horrified eyes. As an animal [illegible] he smelt the terror that waited for him in the depths.

"Is there a diver's outfit?" he asked. "Or are you going Kanaka way?"

"Kanaka way," he said, while his mouth quivered. "Yes, there's a diver's outfit in the hold. Do you think I'd shut myself in in that? Why, Treherne [illegible] why, if the air pumps [illegible]"

He couldn't go on. His fear [illegible] own until it was his master. Even before Christine he could not throw it off, could not swagger and bluster and carry things off with a high hand. The pity in her eyes lashed at his manhood, and he said desperately, "You think I'm a rotten coward."

She did not answer.

"So would you be," he said, defiantly, "if he'd treated you the way he's treated me. But I won't put on that outfit."

He pursed his mouth with weak obstinacy, and she said, "He'll make you. Or—perhaps he'll go down in it himself."

"He? He'll never go into the water."

"Why not?"

"He's got a dread of it. He think I don't know. But—I do. He'll send me down quick enough, but he won't go himself."

"Where's the outfit?" Christine asked. "Can we see it?"

He nodded. "Come on. It's in the hold."

He led the way through the growing dusk. The Kanakas were lighting lanterns, and he caught up one and and held it for Christine to pick out her way. Presently the hold yawned below them, a huge pit of gloom where the shadows hurried to the walls beneath the rays of yellow light. A rope hung over the edge, and Lambert grasped it with his right hand. Gripping it with his bare feet he slid down, the lantern in his left hand. He reached the bottom and stood there, head flung back, the lantern held high, so that the light gleamed on his tousled hair and white face.

"Come on."

Christine shinned down the rope and felt his steadying hand under her elbow. Together they began to explore the hold. A squeaking rat scuttled over the disturbers' toes, and Christine jumped, stifling a cry of alarm. There was a smell of pineapple, tarred rope, copra, and vanilla, mingled with a faint odor of rum. Lambert threaded his way skilfully across the littered floor to a corner. There, carefully wrapped in sacking, and covered with sail-cloth, lay the thing that they sought.

He set the lantern on the ground, and began ripping off the coverings with nervous haste. For a moment Christine watched him. Then she bent down and helped him. Between them they dragged out the diver's suit.

Very odd it looked as its parts were spread out under the light of the smoking lantern. The great head-piece lay by itself, its glass face uppermost. The screw at the top where the tubes would be attached shone dully, showing spots of tarnish. Beside the helmet the boots sprawled enormous, misshapen things made for some clumsy giant. The suit itself lay huddled lumpishly, the chest covering sagging like a man who has been crumpled up in a knock-out. There was a smell of rubber and damp cloth.

Lambert touched the helmet and drew back.

"I've dreamt of it," he whispered. "Yes, I've dreamt that I'm in it, and that the pumps have stopped. When they stop, you don't know for a minute or two. Then you feel—all stuffed up. You can't breathe. Of course, you can signal to be pulled up. Only suppose—it was too late. Just think, Christine. To die in that trap—choking. Choking down in the green sea—"

He shuddered.

"If the air-tube should get cut—but I don't think of that. I'd go mad if I did. A jagged rock or a shark might cut it. Or it might foul and break. The water would stream in—the green water—"

"You'll make yourself ill," Christine said briskly. "Don't take it like this. Very likely you won't need to wear it. Perhaps you and the Kanakas can get what's wanted with native way diving."

"It's very deep," he said, doubtfully.

She sat back on her heels, regarding him with a thoughtful air. The shadows stretched away from his feet and faded in the blackness that edged the circle of light. She could not see his eyes, but the tense attitude of his body warned her of some impending action that must break this strained silence. She made some casual remark, but he did not answer. He went forward, hands on knees, and she saw how he looked at the helmet as though it were a creature alive, a creature that he must maim and wound and slay at last.

Without a word he snatched up the lantern. Christine saw him go in mad haste to the opposite side of the hold, where some tools and implements lay in an untidy heap. There was a crash of falling metal as he searched for what he wanted. The axe—the big axe! He seized it, and turned triumphantly to Christine. Across the hold he came striding, the weapon in his hand. He set the lantern on the floor and she could see his livid face.

"What are you going to do?"

But she knew. Fascinated, horrified, she gazed at him as he lifted the axe above his head.

Crash!

Down came the edge on the glass face of the helmet. Again—and again—and again—till the thing was cracked and splintered. Not until the seventh blow did it break in pieces.

"I'll never wear it," Lambert was sobbing. "I'll never wear it."

He slashed at the neck-piece and the metal sides. Soon the helmet was a mere piece of junk, cut, battered, utterly useless. Christine pressed her hands over her mouth to stifle a cry. She was startled by a savagery that she had never suspected. Was this Lambert, this furious being who had such strength, such mad lust to destroy? Why, she had not supposed him capable of such defiance, such insolent, irreparable defiance.

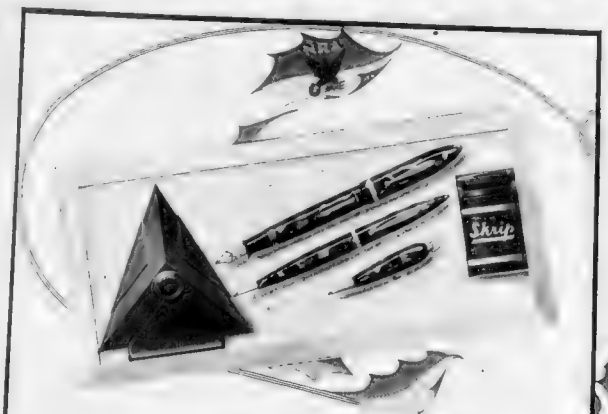
Had he found himself at last? Had he thrown off the thrall of Treherne's dominance? What had urged him this? Hatred, perhaps. Or a sudden flaring of recklessness.

She looked at the quivering nostrils, the staring eyes—the frenzied, staring eyes. Ah, there lay the secret. At sight of them she knew what it was that drove Lambert towards his doom. When he threw down the axe on the spoiled head-piece she sat very still, awaiting the reaction that must come. For a moment he swayed where he stood, then dropped on the floor beside his handiwork. The hands that he stretched towards it shook as with an ague. Watching him, Christine perceived that he was hag-ridden by the ghost of this fear that he had striven so hard to kill, the fear that had haunted him, through the years, the fear of Treherne and the deep, waiting [illegible]

CHAPTER XXII.
The Vasari Casket

TREHERNE was up before dawn next day. From the [illegible] when the Kanakas had [illegible] pairs, for [illegible] Lambert [illegible] but [illegible] apparently, waiting [illegible] chest [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Christmas Gift Suggestions



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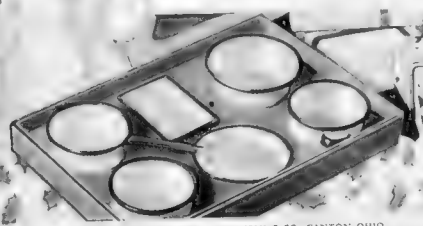

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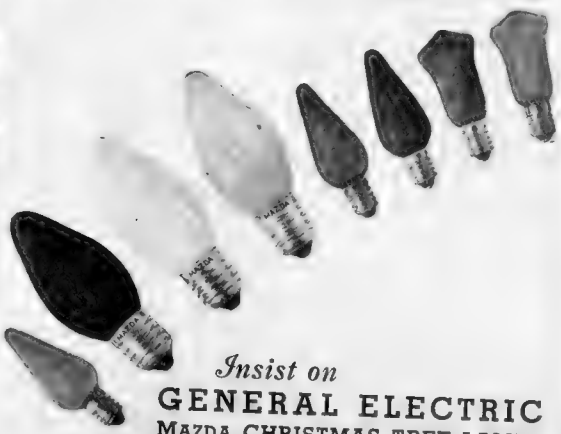

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Unblushing Confessions of a Versatile Rascal

(Continued from Double Page)

morning, the sun of Spain lighting up her beautiful fair hair. She was, of course, fashionably dressed, for she had long been famous as one of the smartest as well as one of the most beautiful royal ladies in Europe. On this day she was wearing a beige dress, simply but faultlessly cut, and with it she wore brown court shoes. Two large pearls shone in her ears, a long pearl rope encircled her neck, and on her wrists were several jeweled bracelets, while she also wore some very wonderful rings. No one who has ever seen the Queen of Spain can fail to admit that in her manner and bearing she is truly regal.

As I entered her presence she advanced to meet me, and held out her hand to be kissed in accordance with court etiquette.

"I am glad that you have come to see me, Mr. Graham," she said, after motioning me to sit beside her on a settee. "I enjoyed your book about my cousin, Princess Mary, so much, although you could not know her as well as I do, for of course I knew them all as babies. But about this book you want to write about me, have you started it?"

I opened my dispatch case and produced the full outline of the Queen's life which I had prepared; taking this from me and snapping open a gold pencil, Queen Ena proceeded to go over it. As the moment called for silence I glanced round the room. There were many signed photographs which would have fetched a fortune if sold in America. Several of King Alfonso as a child stood on a side table; there was a large signed portrait of King George V, and another of the Prince of Wales, obviously a new picture, because it showed him with Princess Elizabeth on his back. A grand piano stood in one corner, and a gramophone by a window, surrounded by an untidy array of records.

Many ash-trays lay about the room, and as she read my papers the Queen reached for a box bearing the royal arms, opened it, offered me a cigarette, took one herself, and allowed me to give her a light. Curiously I looked at the cigarette that I would have given so much to be able to keep as a souvenir. It was rather longer than the usual cigarette, gold-tipped, and it bore the Queen's own arms. I learned afterwards that she had them specially made in London and that they cost $6 a hundred.

"You are very well informed about me," said the Queen eventually. "All these facts are correct. And now, are there any questions you would like to ask me?"

Quietly I asked questions about her childhood and her marriage. Referring to her courtship with King Alfonso, she said:

"When he first said he loved me, I was terribly surprised. I insisted, however, that he should not decide until he had been to the German and Austrian Courts, where he was to go after London, and where I knew that there were many other princesses more beautiful and more suitable to be his wife than I. Reluctantly he agreed to continue his tour. Every day I used to receive picture post cards or a letter from him. He came back eventually, as you know, and told me that there was no one else in the world he wanted to marry more than me. Frankly, I was rather surprised that he came back from Berlin and Vienna heartwhole, and," the Queen smiled, "I still wonder what he saw in me to cause him to return to make me his wife."

I then questioned the Queen about her work for Spain, and quietly she told me that her life was dedicated to the hospitals throughout the country.

Fearing that I might be staying too long, I ceased questioning the Queen and asked if she could let me have some photographs. She rose quickly, went to a writing table, and taking from the drawer a large photograph she wrote across it; then with a smile she handed it to me.

"Perhaps you have some of yourself as a child?" I asked, feeling that I was presuming on her generosity. Without answering she pushed a bell, and a moment later an old and shabbily dressed woman appeared from a far door and advanced towards the Queen. It was Her Majesty's Scottish maid, who has been with her since the Queen's childhood, and who, I was rather amused to notice, treated the Queen as if she were still a child. Quickly Queen Ena told the maid to go to her bedroom and bring her certain books of snapshots, and when she returned with these Her Majesty opened them before me so that they rested partly on my lap and partly on hers, and her hair brushed my face as we looked and laughed together at the many charming and amusing photographs she displayed to me.

Some of these photographs were indeed laughter-provoking. There was one, for instance, of her bathing with the Prince of Wales and the present Duke of York, and the two princes were both splashing her vigorously. Some photographs of the Royal Family in fancy dress were highly amusing, especially that of the late King Edward as Henry VIII.

"Don't you think it looks exactly like him?" laughed Queen Ena.

I agreed.

"And here's one," continued the Queen, "which I could never let you publish"—it showed her in the trousered bathing costume of her youth. "Or this," added Her Majesty. "This" was of herself sitting on Queen Victoria's knee crying lustily.

"What about this one, Your Majesty?" I asked, indicating a picture which showed her hair to great advantage.

"This was taken before my marriage," explained the Queen. "It is a favorite picture of King Alfonso—you know he always said that it was my hair that caught his eye when we first met in London. I am going gray now." The Queen smilingly sighed. She was obviously joking, for there was no sign of a gray hair anywhere. Then I noticed a particularly interesting picture, and drew Queen Ena's attention to it.

"Oh that," said the Queen, "is the only photograph in existence of me in my wedding-dress taken before the ceremony. It was ruined at the time by the blood from one of the horses which were killed when the bomb was thrown at our coach. You remember?"

"Why, of course, Your Majesty," I said. She was referring to the attempt made to assassinate the happy pair on their wedding day in Madrid. As all the world knows, a bomb was thrown at the royal coach outside the Church of Santa Maria in the Calle Mayor in Madrid.

"It must have been a terrible experience," I added, secretly hoping for some new facts about the affair.

"I was not very much frightened," said Her Majesty quietly; "at least not for myself. I was afraid, of course, that the King was hurt. You see, the coach stopped for a moment outside the Church of Santa Maria and the King was telling me its history when suddenly there was a deafening report and the carriage was enveloped in smoke which made us both choke. When the fumes cleared away and we looked out we saw that several of the spectators were dead and that two of the horses had been killed. My wedding dress was covered with blood from one of the dead animals. I turned quickly to see if the King was hurt, but, although a splinter of the bomb had struck him on the chest, he was quite safe. It was one of his medals which saved him from serious injury."

As Her Majesty did not care to pursue a subject the memory of which was undoubtedly still painful, I returned to the photographs. As I had already been with the Queen an hour, I rose to take my leave. "Let me see what you write," smiled the Queen, "and good luck."

"Thank you, Your Majesty," I said, as I bent to kiss her hand, and, walking backwards, I left the room to find the Marquis de Bendana waiting.

"You can find your way out, Mr. Graham?" he asked. Thanking him for his courtesy, and assuring him that I should be able to find my way out quite well alone, I left the ante-room and—encountered trouble.

Although the Royal Palace at Madrid is very beautiful, it is also very misleading, and a few moments after leaving the Queen's Lord Great Chamberlain I realized that I was lost in the maze of rooms. After walking aimlessly through rooms and corridors for about five minutes, I encountered a tall, dark man in khaki uniform. I was just about to ask him if he could direct me to the best way out of the palace, when, to my dismay, I saw that it was King Alfonso. I wondered if I had stumbled on his private apartments. Seeing my embarrassment, he smiled, and asked me in perfect English, whether he could be of any assistance to me.

"I'm afraid I have lost my way, Your Majesty," I murmured.

The King laughed.

"It is easy here," he said, "and although I have lived here all my life, I sometimes have to stop and think which way to go to reach a certain room. Come, follow me," and leading the way the King eventually delivered me to the satin-breeched official who was on guard inside the doors of the Palace. With a friendly "Good-by," His Majesty walked away, leaving me free to descend to the waiting car.

Next day a messenger from the Palace brought me a ticket for the royal enclosure at a gala bullfight which was to be held the following Sunday and, needless to say, I much appreciated this honor. Before I left Madrid I was invited to lunch with Primo de Rivera, then in office as dictator of Spain. I found him to be a charming man, full of love for his country and fidelity to his King.

Well, I wrote the book, "The Life of The Queen of Spain." It was printed and was very profitable for the publishers and for myself. Evelyn Graham, biographer of royalty, was now so thoroughly established that there was no difficulty in arranging to write the biographies of other great personages. And thus I published in rapid succession the life of His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, the biography of the late Marshal Foch and many others.

I had no trouble in having a personal interview with the great Foch, who welcomed me cordially. So well and so creditably was I known, even in Paris, that I had the audacity to telephone the great Prime Minister Clemenceau, who sent his own car for me and I found myself sitting opposite the greatest power in France in the privacy of his study.

But perhaps nothing was more remarkable and incongruous than my meeting with England's greatest criminal judge, Lord Justice Darling, and his assisting me, a life-long criminal and jailbird, to write his biography.

Although I was doing very well, I was not satisfied and decided to become a book publisher and so grasp the profits from the book sale of the biographies. So I founded the firm of Albert E. Marriott, Ltd. Thus I was now three living personalities, Netley Lucas, crook and ex-convict, Evelyn Graham, distinguished writer and biographer, and Mr. Albert E. Marriott, publisher. But as fast as I made money I spent it—and a little more—so my career as Mr. Marriott, publisher, came to an end in bankruptcy.

But I had to have money, of course, and I dropped in on a firm of literary agents and told them of a biography I could deliver to them of the late Queen Alexandra which had been written by "Lady Angela Stanley," who had been a "lady-in-waiting to her Majesty." To authenticate this, I produced a letter purporting to come from Lord Stamfordham, the King's private secretary, saying that he had read the book and that he thought it an excellent piece of work. I had no difficulty in walking out of the agents' office with a check for $1,250.

But before I had opportunity to spend the money two Scotland Yard officers invaded the privacy of my apartment, led me off to the police station and in due time I was tried and convicted of obtaining money under false pretenses and sentenced to a year and a half in prison at hard labor. There was no such person as "Lady Angela Stanley."

"Once a crook, always a crook" is a popular adage and it is full of truth. Unquestionably I had the ability to make a success of my life in some field of honest endeavor. It is another popular maxim that "crime does not pay"—and this is true, too.

THE END.

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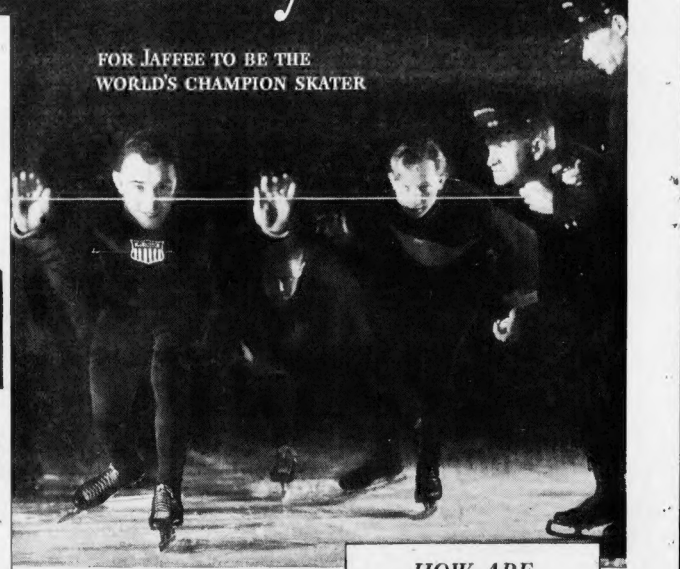
It takes Healthy Nerves

FOR JAFFEE TO BE THE WORLD'S CHAMPION SKATER

IRVING JAFFEE

(At Right)—Again Jaffee makes a thrilling finish as he speeds to victory! Winner of 1,000 medals and trophies, including three Olympic Skating Championships, Jaffee has brought the highest skating honors to the U.S.A. Asked recently if he was a steady smoker, Jaffee said, "Yes—but that goes for Camels only. I have to keep my wind, you know, and healthy nerves."



Steady Smokers turn to Camels

You've often seen his name and picture in the papers—Jaffee, the city-bred boy from the U. S. A. who beat the best that Europe had to offer, and became the skating champion of the world! Speaking of speed skating and cigarettes, Jaffee says:

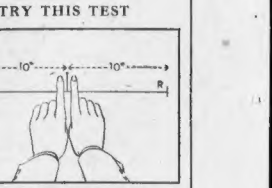
"It takes healthy nerves and plenty of wind to be an Olympic skating champion. I find that Camels, because of their costlier tobaccos, are mild and likable in taste. And, what is even more important to a champion athlete, they never upset the nerves."

o o o

Change to Camels and note the difference in your nerves... in the pleasure you get from smoking! Camels are milder... have a better taste. They never upset your nerves. Begin today!

HOW ARE YOUR NERVES?

TRY THIS TEST



Draw a line twenty inches long on the edge of a newspaper. Stick a straight pin in the exact center. Place a forefinger on either side of the pin. Close your eyes ... try to measure off quickly the distances by moving both hands at the same time. Have a watcher stop you when you reach the edge. See if both your fingers have moved the same distance. Most people try this at least six times before both hands come out evenly.

Frank Crilley (Camel smoker), famous deep-sea diver, completed the test on his second try.

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. Camel pays millions more—for your enjoyment.

CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES

NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

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Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 16)

new step I was telling you about..."

"I'm crazy to learn it, later," Kay insisted quietly. "I'm sorry but I must run now."

Bertram's face fell a mile. He had been congratulating himself on how well he had been progressing with Kay; thinking himself no end of a gay dog having a definite flirtation with a young married woman. That the young married woman was actually on her honeymoon made it the more exciting. Now... suddenly she had become elusive. Putting him off without any legitimate reason.

"See here," he said again, "if you've got to go upstairs I'll wait for you. You'll find me in the lounge. I'll have a couple of drinks to pass the time."

Kay hesitated, then she nodded. No sense in continuing to argue with him. And, supposing she didn't find Quentin she might be grateful for his company. However much a girl may dislike a certain dancing partner, there's one thing she dislikes more—that's being a wall-flower.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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PLAIN JANE

AND HOW SHE BLOSSOMED OUT

AN ADVERTISEMENT OF THE WANDER CO.

TOO BAD YOU WEREN'T INVITED JANE, DON'T WAIT UP FOR ME.

HAVE A GOOD TIME GRACE

WHY JANE! WHAT ON EARTH IS THE MATTER?

I CAN'T HELP IT, AUNT KATE, I'M SO BLUE. I NEVER GET INVITED *ANYWHERE.*

SOB SOB

MEN DON'T LIKE ME! I'D GIVE ANYTHING IN THE WORLD TO BE PRETTY ENOUGH TO BE POPULAR

BUT JANE DEAR, A GIRL DOESN'T HAVE TO BE *PRETTY* TO BE POPULAR- AS A MATTER OF FACT THE MOST POPULAR WOMEN THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN HAVEN'T BEEN REALLY *BEAUTIFUL* AT ALL.

HOW *CAN* THEY BE POPULAR THEN AUNT KATE?

VIVACITY! ANIMATION! PEP! -- THAT'S WHAT MAKES A GIRL ATTRACTIVE TO REAL MEN. IT'S A THOUSAND TIMES MORE IMPORTANT THAN MERE PRETTINESS! BELIEVE ME, MY DEAR, I'VE SEEN A LOT OF LIFE AND I *KNOW.*

BUT AUNT KATE, WHEN ANYONE GETS AS TIRED AS I DO THEY SIMPLY *CAN'T* BE FULL OF LIFE AND PEP. I JUST HAVEN'T GOT THE VITALITY.

WELL WHY DON'T YOU COMMENCE TAKING *OVALTINE?*

OVALTINE? WHAT'S THAT AUNT KATE?

WHY, IT'S THAT DELICIOUS SWISS FOOD-DRINK. THE WAY IT BUILDS UP VITALITY IS SIMPLY WONDERFUL—AND IT MAKES YOUR SLEEP SO MUCH MORE RESTFUL AT NIGHT TOO!

HALF AN HOUR LATER

OVALTINE PLEASE!

M-M-M! DELICIOUS!

UP ALREADY? WHY ALL THE PEP?

GRACE, I FEEL SIMPLY MARVELOUS THIS MORNING! I HAVEN'T FELT SO RESTED IN MONTHS

LATER

SAY, I NEVER REALIZED WHAT A REGULAR STUNNER JANE TURNER IS!

NEITHER DID I! SHE LOOKS LIKE A DIFFERENT GIRL LATELY!

JANE, YOU'RE GETTING MORE WONDERFUL LOOKING EVERY DAY!

HOW ABOUT GIVING SOMEONE ELSE A CHANCE?

FLATTERER!

JANE, DEAR-- I WANT TO BE THE FIRST TO WISH YOU HAPPINESS

DEAR AUNT KATE. YOUR SECRET WORKED LIKE A CHARM! I WISH EVERYONE COULD KNOW ABOUT *OVALTINE!*

ISN'T JANE LOVELY?

NOTE: If you want to reduce, take Ovaltine made with skim milk. You may safely cut down on other foods, especially weight-building fats and starches. Ovaltine supplies the essential vitamins and food elements that maintain vitality without adding weight.

Ovaltine is a delicious concentrate of those natural food elements that are often lacking in the average diet. It is highly recommended by physicians as a rapid means of increasing vitality and energy—as well as for inducing sound, restful sleep without drugs. In addition, Ovaltine is widely prescribed in cases of nervousness—and as a strengthening food-drink for convalescents and the aged. Get it at any drug or grocery store—or mail the coupon below for a special trial supply.

SEND THIS COUPON AND SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW QUICKLY *OVALTINE* INCREASES VITALITY AND PEP!

HONEY MOON EXPRESS

MAIL FOR TRIAL SUPPLY

THE WANDER COMPANY, Dept. A.W.13
180 North Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your trial package of Ovaltine.

Name .....
(Print name and address clearly IN PENCIL)

Address .....

City ..... State .....

(One package to a person) 1934

NRA

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 18)

"Treherne wants me," said Christine aloud, "and I can cry myself blue in the face, and remind him of the roses round his boyhood home, and appeal to his better nature till I'm hoarse and speechless. Fat lot of good any of it will be. Christine, my girl, you're up against it."

She rolled over on the hard mattress and buried her face in her arms. The thought that was ever uppermost in her mind thrust itself forward with renewed insistence. Treherne had killed her father. Every time the man passed before her, every time he touched her, she had the impulse to grapple with him, to match her strength against his in a desperate effort to wring the truth out of him. Only by the knowledge of the utter uselessness of such an encounter held her back. She knew very well that the only way to outwit Treherne was to take him unawares. She must go to work cautiously, warily, pitting her wits against his strength, play Delilah to his hectoring Samson.

"Oh, blast everything!" said Christine, sitting up. She stretched her arms above her head and yawned. A sharp knock sounded at her door.

"Wh-what is it?"

The door opened and Treherne walked in. He carried a bucket half full of water, a piece of mottled soap, a rough towel with a torn fringe, and the scrag end of a comb.

"Get up," he said briefly.

Without more ceremony he deposited the articles on the floor and withdrew.

"Good heavens," said Christine, surveying these elegances of the toilet, "the man's human, after all."

The humor of his solemn entry struck her, and she slid out of her bunk with a chuckle. She enjoyed the touch of the cold water against her skin. Kneeling on the floor she plunged her arms into the bucket and rubbed them with the mottled soap. For some reason the common, healthy smell of the coarse soap heartened her. The sun was coming up in an uncloaded sky. Her spirits rose, soothed and quieted by the commonplace aspect that comes with morning.

The towel was hard, and the comb an instrument of torture. Her clothes felt crumpled and uncomfortable. With one foot jammed hard against the door she took them off and shook them hard. Through the porthole came a cool breeze. The delightful sensation of its touch on her naked body made her linger over her dressing till a footstep outside sent her scuttling into her clothes in a panic.

"Come on, Christine," said Treherne. "Coffee's ready."

Christine put on her coat, made a final effort with the comb, and opened the door, convinced that her nose was shiny and her skin rough from the mottled soap. With her long swinging stride she went down the narrow alleyway towards the smell of coffee, and found the men waiting for her in silence. Both of them greeted her gravely. Lambert seemed so normal, so matter-of-fact that she began to wonder whether she had dreamed all that had happened in the hold. She sat down and waited while Horo, the cook-boy, poured out steaming coffee.

"We'll start right away," Treherne said, and she caught the tremor of excitement in his voice. "There's no time to waste. The Curlew might come back any time. I don't want to waste time scrapping with Haggerty."

"You think you'll get the stuff today?"

He nodded.

"We might, with luck. Won't be easy, though. The current's strong here. I can see what's happened. The Constantine must have barked herself on those rocks and sunk quick. These reefs are poison. They're worse than coral reefs. Ugh! I hate this place. All these black rocks! And don't tell me the blame volcano's extinct. She'll flare up some day."

He rolled a cigarette and sealed the crisp white paper with a red flash of his pointed tongue. He did not eat anything, pushing away his food with an air of distaste.

"She's jammed herself, the Constantine has," he went on. "Course, she's all broken up. But I think we'll get what we want. The case may have sunk a bit. But if it's there, we'll get it."

"You know just what to look for, then?" Christine asked him, reaching for some egg-plums.

"Sure I do. Just as Andy Peters knew, and your father knew."

She flushed. That he should dare to speak to her of her father! But he made no sign that he had noticed the sudden tenseness of her whole body.

"Tongues wag easy on Amanu. The folks who sent the Constantine to fetch the stuff from Sydney—well, they talked, because they had swelled heads. There's a good many men in the Islands that know."

"A golden chest," said Christine. He took her up quickly.

"A casket. The Vasari Casket. It was made by Benvenuto Cellini."

"You've seen it?" asked Lambert, rousing himself from the abstraction into which he had fallen.

"No, I've never seen it. But when it was stolen three years ago, I saw the description and pictures. It's beautiful."

He drew a deep breath. It was impossible to speak to these two of the emotion which had seized him at the realization of the casket's beauty. To them it must seem that he coveted the casket for the sake of what it would fetch. Let it be so, then. It was safer that way. He alone knew how deep the lust for possession had burnt into his fierce, curious heart. For months he had dreamed of the casket in a half-shamed, half-defiant way. With the fulfilment of his plans his passion had increased. It seemed to him that he would never rest again until he held this fragment of the world's beauty in his hands.

Always frank with himself, Treherne found it hard to reconcile this queer adoration of beauty with the general tenor of his shameless, cynical existence. He stood outside himself, as it were, regarding with bewilderment the chaos of his own character . . .

"Are you starting to dive this morning?" Christine was saying.

He looked at her, and his pulses beat more quickly at the sight of her youth, so unconscious of its own enchantment.

"Yes. Start right away. Finished, Lambert? Come on then."

Both men stood up. Lambert's hands tightened on the edge of the table.

"I'll go and see about the longboat," he said.

"You're in a hurry. How do you know I want the longboat?"

There were two Kanaka boys in the room. At Treherne's words they exchanged scared glances, and Christine thought. "They know what happened last night. But they're afraid to tell Treherne."

"What do you mean?" Lambert asked, with a sickly air of feigned unconsciousness.

"What I say. We'll take the ship out to the flint, and use the diver's dress right off."

He looked mockingly at Lambert.

"Scared stiff, eh? You'll get over that. Afraid the pumps will stop? Not they. Not they! I'll stand over the boys with a lash if you like."

Lambert turned away, quivering under the satirical tone. His lips trembled, but he did not speak.

The thought of what must happen turned Christine sick. When Treherne rolled up his sleeves and said, "Come on. We'll go down in the hold and get it out before we haul in the sea-anchors," she wanted to scream. Against her will she followed the two of them to the hold. Treherne caught the hanging rope and swung himself down into the shadows. She and Lambert watched the broad shoulders disappear into the void below. Against the dark head, Treherne's ear-rings gleamed, tiny circlets of fire under a chance ray of sunlight.

The man and woman stood at the mouth of the hold. Christine said in a low voice, "What shall you say?" With a quick motion of his lifted hand he ordered her to be silent. He was listening.

"Lambert!" called Treherne.

"Well?"

"Come on, can't you? And bring a light. It's as dark as a pocket."

To Christine it seemed an hour before Lambert went down with a lantern in his hand. She heard Treherne's grunt, and then the noise of footsteps crossing the floor. Peering down she saw the light bobbing onward. It stopped. It rose in the darkness as though a hand had snatched it and held it high. For a moment there was absolute stunned silence.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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FREE

HANDSOME ALUMINUM POCKET CIGAR CASE included FREE of charge with "Get Acquainted" orders

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If you do not receive IN YOUR OWN OPINION at least $5.00 worth of supreme smoking pleasure from these 50 cigars, just send us word and we will refund every penny of your money!—and the smokes are on us!

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Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautiful clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one pound Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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D.D.D. Prescription Speeds Relief

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eruptions, eczema, scales, rashes or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief use pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. No fuss—no muss. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try D. D. D. Prescription today. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, is guaranteed to prove it—or money back. D. D. D. is made by the owners of ITALIAN BALM.

Ingrown NAIL

STOPS PAIN AT ONCE! NAIL SOON GROWS STRAIGHT

You won't be troubled any more by ingrown nail once you get Dr. Scholl's Ontoxol. Pain stops at once, the inflamed and irritated tissues are soon healed. Then the nail grows out normally and straight. Get a bottle today at your drug, department or shoe store—50c.

Dr. Scholl's ONIXOL

Brand New TYPEWRITER $19.95

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Sensationally new low price and easy terms. Standard 4-row keyboard — fully guaranteed by Remington Co.

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Send for new literature and easy pay plan — only $1.00 down, then 10c a day. Also bargains in Standard Size refinished office models, sent free. Write for details and special money-making opportunities.

INTERNATIONAL TYPEWRITER EXCH., 231 W. Monroe St., Dept. 1205, Chicago.

Old Favorites You Will Enjoy

By Mary Lee Swann,

The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Fruit Slaw.

MIX 2 cups of finely shredded white cabbage, pulp of three oranges, 1 cup of diced pineapple (canned or fresh) and 1 cup of raisins. Season with French dressing and let stand about 30 minutes. Drain and serve very cold.

Cheese Balls.

MIX 1½ cups grated cheese with 1 tablespoon flour, ¼ teaspoon salt and a few grains cayenne. Beat 2 egg whites until stiff and fold into the cheese mixture. Shape in small balls, roll in cracker crumbs, fry in hot deep fat and drain on unglazed paper. Serve with green salads.

Cheese Gingerbread.

HEAT 1 cup molasses and 4 ounces cheese in top of double boiler. When cheese is melted add 1 teaspoon soda and beat well. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon ginger, and ½ teaspoon salt. Add alternately with ½ cup water to the first mixture. Bake about 15 minutes in small buttered muffin pans.

Salted Brazil Nuts.

PARE off black outer skin. Place in a warm oven for 2 or 3 hours. Do not allow them to brown. To 1 pound of warm dry nuts add 1 tablespoon butter and brown delicately in a warm oven, stirring frequently to prevent burning. Remove from oven and sprinkle with salt, using about ½ teaspoon to each pound of nuts.

Glace for Nuts and Fruits.

BOIL 2 cups sugar and 1 cup water until the syrup spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. Add ½ cup vinegar and boil until syrup changes color. Keep over boiling water while dipping fruit or nuts.

Cheese Straws.

CREAM 1 tablespoon butter, add ⅝ cup sifted flour, 1 cup freshly grated cheese, 1 cup fresh bread crumbs, ¼ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and a suggestion of cayenne pepper. Mix well and add 1 tablespoon milk. Roll out about ¼-inch thick, cut ¾-inch wide and 5 or 6 inches long. Bake until brown in a moderate oven. Serve with fruit or vegetable salad.

Candied Orange Peel (Quick Method).

COVER peel of 4 oranges with cold water, bring to boiling point and simmer until soft. Drain and scrape off the white portion. Cut in narrow strips. Boil 1 cup sugar and ½ cup water until it spins a thread. Cook the peel in the syrup for 5 minutes. Drain and roll in fine granulated sugar.

Candied Orange Peel (Long Process).

CUT fresh orange peel into narrow strips. Bring to boiling point. Drain. Cover with cold water and boil again. Drain and cover with cold water. Then boil until tender. Drain and cover with the following syrup: For about 1 or 2 pounds of peel mix 3 pounds sugar and 1½ pints water. Cook to 220 degrees, or "hair" stage. Let the peel stand in the syrup overnight. Drain and cook the syrup to 224 degrees. Pour the syrup over the peel again and let it stand 24 hours. Drain and roll each piece in fine granulated sugar.

Are You A COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLE?

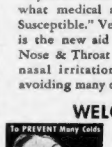
Do You CATCH COLD Easily?

If you have one miserable cold after another—if you have four or more colds a year—you're what medical authorities call a "Colds-Susceptible." Very important to you, then, is the new aid in *preventing* colds, Vicks Nose & Throat Drops. Used at that first nasal irritation or sneeze, they aid in avoiding many colds altogether.

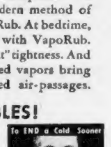
Do Your Colds HANG ON?

If you have much trouble in throwing off colds . . . you're a Colds-Susceptible! To break a cold, use the modern method of *treating* colds—Vicks VapoRub. At bedtime, massage throat and chest with VapoRub. Like a poultice, it "draws out" tightness. And all night long its medicated vapors bring soothing relief to irritated air-passages.

WELCOME NEWS FOR COLDS-SUSCEPTIBLES!



Proper care and medication, for every type and stage of a cold, are provided in Vicks Plan for better *Control* of Colds. During the past two years, in thousands of clinical tests . . . supervised by physicians . . . Vicks Plan has greatly reduced the *number* and *duration* of colds, has cut their *dangers* and *expense*. The Plan is fully explained in each Vicks package.



VICKS PLAN FOR BETTER CONTROL OF COLDS

WHY TOM! I THOUGHT YOU AND BABS COULDN'T COME!
SHE COULDN'T, BUT I HAD TO SEE YOU. THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH HER BUT SHE WON'T GO TO THE DOCTOR. YOU'RE HER SISTER, CAN'T YOU MAKE HER GO?

ANYBODY WITH YOUR SYMPTOMS... BAD DIGESTION - SICK HEADACHES, ETC., SHOULD BE WORRIED--- IN YOUR CASE THE CAUSE IS RIGHT HERE - CONSTIPATION--- CLOGGED FOOD WASTES POISONING YOUR SYSTEM. TO CORRECT IT EAT FRESH YEAST DAILY. IT'S THE VERY BEST THING FOR YOUR TROUBLE
STOMACH
INTESTINES
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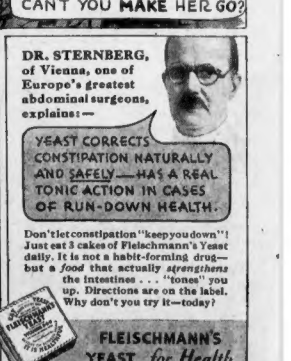
A MONTH LATER

NOW AREN'T YOU GLAD THAT YOU SAW THE DOCTOR?
OH, DARLING, YES! THINK OF THE FUN WE'VE BEEN HAVING SINCE I'M WELL AGAIN! WE'D STILL BE MISSING IT IF I HADN'T LEARNED ABOUT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST.


DR. STERNBERG, of Vienna, one of Europe's greatest abdominal surgeons, explains:—
YEAST CORRECTS CONSTIPATION NATURALLY AND SAFELY—HAS A REAL TONIC ACTION IN CASES OF RUN-DOWN HEALTH.
Don't let constipation "keep you down"! Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily. It is not a habit-forming drug—but a *food* that actually *strengthens* the intestines . . . "tones" you up. Directions are on the label. Why don't you try it—today?
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*

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TO MOTHERS of bottle babies

This complete nursing outfit at bargain price

$1.30 VALUE $1

2 Eight-oz. Bottles
5 Translucent Nipples

Individually, these Hygeia Breast Nipples and Bottles cost $1.30. This cellophane-wrapped package costs $1.00. Nipple is shaped like mother's breast; patented re-enforced tab keeps fingers from sterilized inner surface. Wide-mouthed bottle easily cleaned and filled, without brush or funnel. Guaranteed against all temperature changes. *If druggist cannot supply you, mail coupon.*

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197 VAN RENSSELAER STREET, BUFFALO, N. Y.
Enclosed $1 for New Package. Postage prepaid.

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GUARD ME AGAINST WINTER COLDS

The arrival of cold weather subjects dogs to colds, bronchitis, pneumonia and other diseases accompanied by high fevers. GLOVER'S FEVER REDUCER and STIMULANT administered in the early stages will reduce fever and help protect the animal from developing more serious complications. During the convalescent period, use Glover's Iron Tonic (liquid) or Glover's Condition Pills, to hasten recovery of good health.

GLOVER'S VETERINARY WELFARE SERVICE FREE! Our Veterinarian will answer your questions on dogs, cats and other animals.

DO YOU KNOW how to feed and keep your dog WELL—preventive measures, symptoms and treatment of diseases? All are explained in Glover's 48-page DOG BOOK. Ask your dealer for a free copy or write direct to R. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc., Box H, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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"Klutch" Holds

FALSE TEETH Tight—all day

"Klutch" forms a comfort cushion, holds the plates so snug they can't rock, drop, chafe or be played with, and not a seed can get under them. *You can eat and speak as well as you did with your own teeth.* Don't endure loose plates another day. "Klutch" will end your troubles. 25c and 50c at druggists! If your druggist hasn't it, have him order it for you. If he does not, don't *invest in money* on substitutes but write us for a box. Use 30 days, then, if satisfied, pay us. If not, don't pay a cent.

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Gently massaging the scalp to remove the scales of dandruff and assist the cleansing action of the **Ointment**. Let it remain as long as convenient, then shampoo with a suds of **Cuticura Soap** and warm water to cleanse the scalp and restore the natural gloss and vigor to the hair. Rinse thoroughly.

Price 25c and 50c. Proprietors:
Potter Drug & Chemical Corp., Malden, Mass.

Give a Gift to the House

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

SHOPPING pads and pencils are already busy and "what shall I give?" is an hourly question to those who are sensibly doing their Christmas shopping early.

In this puzzle of what to give whom, there is always one sure bet, and that is to give a gift to the house. For most women and certainly all housekeepers are truly "houseminded," and to give them something beautiful or interesting or labor-saving to fit into their own background of home, is to respond most subtly to their own desire. Rooms, furnishings, convenience, decoration, gadgets—the gift for the house can satisfy any one of these appeals.

Holidays are synonymous with parties and that suggests a clever unusual gift of a set of covers to keep extra plates and dishes clean as they stand on the pantry shelf. Nobody likes to wash dishes before a party yet shelves do get dusty! These covers, in a set of seven, fit all sizes of plates. They are made of transparent Argentine cloth so you can see what's inside. Fitted over a pile of plates they are efficient and charming.

Parties also call for candles, and so they are another suggestion. There are candles which look like honeycomb wax, and this gives their surface an unsual and beautiful effect. Other new candles release a delicate flower fragrance and give an especially soft light. Some of these look like a fir tree with holly twined up around the candle. They come in pairs and are the gayest things imaginable. They never fade or drip, and will burn for years because after using them during the Christmas season they can be put away until next year rolls around.

Cheese dishes and cheese boards and wooden salad bowls are all winners in the popularity contest for the prize gift. The cheese board has four small knives and cheese servers; the cheese dish is of aluminum with a cover and has a wooden inset center tray for the cheese. When placed on the table this makes a 3-inch rim around on which crackers may be laid. Every hostess who loves to make her own salad will simply dote on a big wooden oval bowl with matching spoon and fork of aluminum—what a salad in such a bowl!

A fine gift for the suburban friend is a lighted house number panel. This shows in bold lighted relief the number of the house.

There are many pieces of small furniture which are always acceptable as house gifts but an unusual one-legged table is as clever and certainly more useful than many. The shelf is 30x18 inches, just the size to lay across the lap or set across the arms of a chair. It may be adjusted to any height. One side is padded and soft for playing cards, the other is hard and smooth for doing writing or sewing or jig-saw puzzles. The supporting leg swings down and folds in an instant. Just too tricky for the living room.

The lazy Susan table or dining whirligig is another old favorite come back to fashion. Sitting in the center of the dining table it cheerfully holds and passes salts, butter and other condiments and also the food plates in the servantless home. Many a hostess would welcome its aid.

The fireplace is another center of interest to which many gifts may be brought. There is the Cape Cod lighter which so usefully kindles the fire; or a box of prepared briquettes also for starting a fire. There is a hearth broom, a bellows, and the jolly gift of colored light which may be sprinkled over the burning flames.

A set of chimes to replace the ordinary door bell is another gift of unusual interest. It produces a soft musical chime far more pleasing to the ear than the strident bell so universally used. Or it may be installed in such a way as to serve as a dinner announcer.

While the 3-sided cushion has been on the market for some time it is still unknown to many who could appreciate the supreme comfort it gives in enabling one to read lying down, or to sit up in any number of restful postures. Built on a right-angle-triangle idea, one may use its base or its hypothenuse as preferred! It comes in many attractive covers suitable for boudoir or parlor.

One of the season's most popular gifts is certainly the new hostess tray to accompany one of the automatic toasters. This tray has a place for a bread board at one end and a set of six relish dishes at the other, with the toaster itself between. A grand idea for the house or anyone who ever hopes to throw a party!

A small, inexpensive but ever so practical gift is the special holder to conceal the bathroom or kitchen box of cleanser. This is made of metal, painted to match green and cream color plans, and offers a stout handle as well. Slip your unsightly box or can of cleanser within this attractive holder, and the result will be appreciated by any housewife.

Another handy gadget gift is a small spotless house carton which conceals six bottles of stain-removers or cleansers. There is one special remover for each job, removing grease, ink, paint, scorch and fruit stain. The bottles are squat so they won't tip over. What a clever gift to set before the housewife!

If there is some doubt as to what to put in the housewife's very own stocking, here are some suggestions, any one of which will slide down easily from hem to toe! First there is the pin server which stands four inches high and looks like a dice box. One press down on the top, and up pops a pin! It will hold about one hundred pins. Could anything be more useful around the house or on the office desk as well?

Then there's the pepper mill, almost its twin in size and shape. But give it a turn and out comes pepper freshly ground to season your favorite dish.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Fruit, Hot Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Sausage, Graham Biscuits, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Philadelphia Scrapple, Rice Muffins, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Bacon, Soft Cooked Eggs, Bread Crumb Pancakes, Coffee.	Fruit, French Toast, Bacon, Coffee.	Tomato Juice, Fish Hash, French Rolls, Toast, Coffee.	Oranges, Hot Cereal, Cream Sauce Omelet, Bran Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Cereal, Small Sausage Balls, Hot Buckwheat Cakes, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Carrot Puree, Broiled Honeycomb Tripe, Baked Potatoes or Noodles, Rolls, Fruit Trifle, Nut Honey Cookies, Tea.	Corn and Left-Over Chicken Patties, Buttered Spinach with Egg, French Rolls, Upside Down Pineapple Cake with Whipped Cream.	Pigs in Blankets, Rolls, Lettuce Chiffonade, Thousand Island Dressing, Stewed Figs.	Creamed Salmon on Toast, Rolls, Fruit Slaw, Coffee or Substitute.	Vegetable Soup, Corn Bread Sticks, Apple and Celery Salad, Mocha Cup Cakes, Tea.	Old-Fashioned Herring and Potato Pie, Fruit Salad, Rolls.	Roast Chicken with Corn Bread Stuffing, Cream Giblet Gravy, Buttered Peas, Steamed Rice, Sweet Pickles, Hot Buttermilk Biscuits, Fruit Compote, Coffee.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Fricassee of Chicken, Rice, Buttered Green Vegetables, Spiced Crabapples, Floating Island.	Roast Mutton, Currant Jelly Sauce, Browned Potato Puff, Raw Cabbage and Grated Carrot Salad, Baked Ginger Pears.	(*Company*) Baked Steak, Potato Balls or Spaghetti, Baked Onions, Lima Beans, Pumpkin Pie with Honey of Whipped Cream, Coffee.	Brown Mutton Stew (Left-Over), Mashed Paprika Potatoes, Stewed Celery or Broccoli, Favorite Cheese Gingerbread.	New Orleans Filets of Sole, Parsley Potatoes or Macaroni, Buttered Spinach or Green Peas, Cranberry Pie, Half Cups Coffee.	Hungarian Goulash, Steamed Squash, Boiled Potatoes, Celery Hearts, Baked Apple Dumplings with Jelly Sauce.	Cinnamon Toast (Made on Waffle Iron), Apple Trifle, Cocoa.

American Weekly Patterns

A SMART STYLE (8063). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 will require 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.

A VERY PLEASING HOUSE OR MORNING FROCK FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (8068). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 46 will require 4¾ yards of material 35 inches wide, together with ½ yard of contrasting material.

AN ATTRACTIVE EVENING DRESS (8064). Designed in 5 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 38 will require 4⅝ yards of 39-inch material. The belt and bow of wide ribbon rejires 2¾ yards.

A PLEASING FROCK FOR A LITTLE GIRL (8081). Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 if made as in the large view will require 1⅝ yards of 35-inch material, together with ⅛ yard of 32-inch contrasting material.

A SMART DRESS FOR THE GROWING GIRL (8075). Designed in 5 sizes: 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16 years. Size 12 if made with short sleeves will require 2¾ yards of 35-inch material. With long sleeves 2⅝ yards. Collar, belt and sleeve bands in contrasting material require ½ yard.

To obtain any two of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 25 cents in coin (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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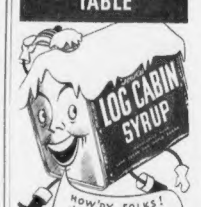
Luncheon Pies.

INGREDIENTS: 1 cup creamed left-over meat, sweetbreads or minced roast beef with brown gravy; 3 or 4 very small baking powder biscuits, parsley. Pour reheated meat into individual casserole dishes, place hot biscuits on as crust, garnish with a sprig of parsley and serve at once.

Chicken Pie.

DRESS and cut up 2 chickens or 1 hen. Add a strip of salt pork, a slice of onion, a bit of bay leaf, a few grains paprika and boiling water to cover. Simmer until tender. Strain off the stock. Remove the bones and arrange the meat in a baking dish. Add 1 cup of well-cleaned oysters or a few chopped mushrooms if desired. Melt 2 or 3 tablespoons of the chicken fat, add ¼ cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt and a few grains pepper. Blend well and add 2 cups of the skimmed and strained chicken stock. Stir constantly until smooth and creamy. Add 1 cup of evaporated cream or fresh cream and pour over the chicken. Cover with pastry and bake in a quick oven about 45 minutes. Serve with a large bowl of giblet gravy.

IT BRINGS THE NORTH WOODS TO YOUR BREAKFAST TABLE



NOTHING hits the spot these frosty mornings like pancakes and delicious Log Cabin Syrup. It has the real North Woods flavor—Vermont and Canadian maple blended with choice cane. And just the right *body* to transform pancakes and waffles into a tender breakfast treat. Children love the amusing Log Cabin tin. A product of General Foods.

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COULD *You* MEET HIS EYES WITH CONFIDENCE?

Any one flaw of your complexion? Or when the crucial moment comes—when his eyes meet yours—will they encounter . . . a shiny, oily nose?

Do not take that risk! Avoid that unnecessary question mark in his mind about you. Try the wonderful new *clinging* powder—Pompeian Beauty Powder! You'll find it lasts all evening—ends forever the fear of "Half-Hour Noses."

Pompeian is smooth and fine. It gives the complexion a soft new beauty and a youthful, natural, unpowdered look. It has a delicate French fragrance. Its ingredients are as high in quality as any powder sold! It is free from grit and starch, so will not enlarge the pores nor irritate the skin in any way. The Pompeian creams and rouges are equally high in quality and just as reasonable in price. Regular large sizes are available at all drug and department stores at only 55c. Convenient 10c sizes at the better 5-and 10-cent stores.

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Constance Cummings and Paul Kelly in Twentieth Century's Production, "Broadway Thru A Keyhole," from story by Walter Winchell.

ALWAYS GIVE A CHILD A LIQUID LAXATIVE

Some laxative that always works just right for you, may work havoc with a child.

The laxative habit can be contracted at the age of six.

The wrong laxative can give children chronic constipation before their tenth birthday.

You wouldn't give your youngster a powerful headache powder! You shouldn't give him a violent cathartic.

Parents Aroused At Last!

Doctors urge the use of a *liquid* laxative for children; preferably one with *senna*. A liquid laxative can be regulated as to dose. The natural laxative action of senna does not weaken the bowels.

Druggists report increasing demand for liquid laxatives. Mothers are rapidly discovering the advantage of the liquid form. Thousands of cases of ill-health—and half-health—in children are being cleared-up simply by stopping all use of laxatives of adult strength.

Don't Take Chances!

The preparation most favored for child use is California Syrup of Figs. It is a fruity syrup with the right amount of senna for gentle stimulation of a child's bowels. It gives the right kind of help.

If the bowels aren't moving regularly and thoroughly, don't give any medicine that drains the system dry. Give a liquid senna preparation like California Syrup of Figs. A little every day, *and reduce the dose each day*. At the end of one week—stop. You'll be surprised how long it will be before the bowels need any further help. *It may be months.*

Be sure you get the real California Syrup of Figs, with "California" on the label. If you get the right preparation, and use it the right way, you can absolutely end all worry over constant sluggish spells, bilious attacks, constipation.

All druggists keep California Syrup of Figs, ready for use. It is highly recommended for regulating children, and to undo the mischief done by habit-forming laxatives.

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